Vol CXXXII
No 1713.

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THE BYSTANDER.
OCTOBER 14, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

Round the World with the Russian Ballet (I.)

Bystander Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

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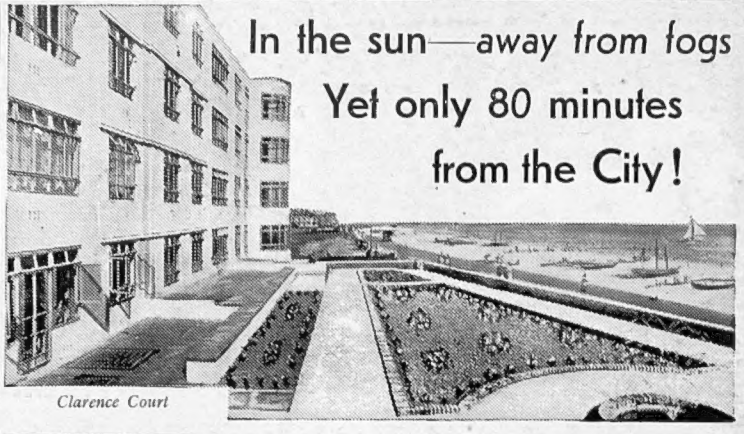

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH

Ladies to sell Poppies on November 11th are urgently required in many districts, and volunteers are asked to offer their services to their Local Committee.

Further information will be gladly given by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

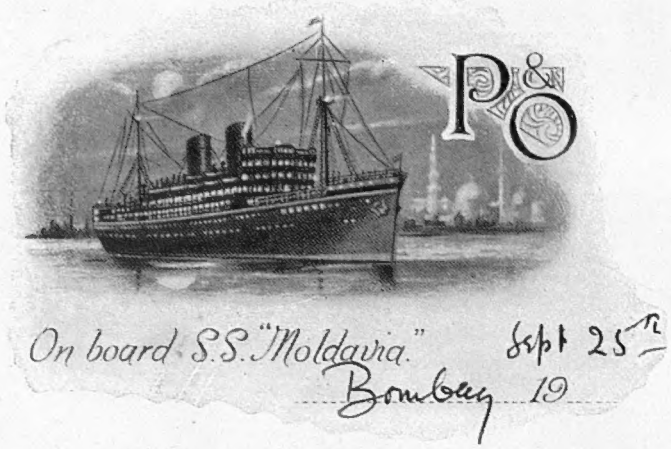
THIS APPEAL HAS THE APPROVAL OF THE PRINCIPAL HUNTING ASSOCIATIONS.

The Bystander, October 14, 1936 No. 1713. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll Are Teamed Together

The General Died at Dawn is the name of Paramount's Chinese bandit story which teams Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time. Lewis Milestone directed them, Cooper as an American soldier of fortune, Miss Carroll as his enemy's sister, and the piece promises to be one of the best Orientals since *Shanghai Express*. Thanks to his fine performance in *Mr. Deeds*, Gary Cooper is pretty busy; he is making a big de Mille frontier saga with Jean Arthur (again) and Fred MacMurray, and a light comedy called *What Ho! The General Died at Dawn* has its European première at the Carlton to-night



Round the World with the Russian Ballet

I.—Suez and the Red Sea

By Arnold L. Haskell

INTRODUCTION

Sitting in a box at Covent Garden, after watching a rehearsal of Colonel de Basil's new company, the following conversation took place :

A. L. H. : " Most interesting to see all these familiar works danced by a new young company. I wish I could go to see the première in Australia."

de Basil : " Why not ? I can easily arrange it."

A. L. H. (tempted and hesitating): " . . . but Australia is so far . . ."

Less than a week later I left, and now I am on board the s.s. Moldavia writing this, and watching some whales blow around the ship.

Landing Party—the de Basil Number Two Company at Port Said

WE are in the Red Sea, and it is plenty hot, though seasoned travellers assure us that it is not hot at all, and then, with a wicked gleam, " Wait till to-morrow." The dancers seem to feel the heat less than the rest of us. They have sun-bathed, hatless, to an extent that is reckless, and the Sylphides will be like inhabitants of a jungle instead of unearthly visitants to a moonlit grove. Every morning from nine o'clock onwards, there is a rehearsal on the deck, eagerly watched by the officers, civil servants, missionaries and nuns who are our fellow passengers ; while children—there are over seventy on board—crawl all over the deck, crowing with delight at the antics of the dancers. Most inappropriately, the Suez Canal witnessed the porcelain mischief of *Carnaval* ; highly appropriately, the Red Sea is watching the scarlet passion of *Scheherazade* ; while in the sea the flying fish, Nijinskys all, skim their deep blue stage.

PORT SAID brought the first break in routine, and with it comedy in plenty. Always unreal, like a section of the Paris Colonial Exhibition, only less convincing and well managed, the Russian Ballet brought just the necessary touch of operetta. As a start we were all prevented from landing for over an hour by a hitch in the passports, Ballet Russe, of course. Two of our male dancers possessed Soviet passports. Although they had not been to Russia for years, they were immediately suspect. Not only were they not allowed to land, but they were considered sufficiently dangerous to require a guard, and were assigned a policeman apiece.

We who went ashore pitied them, but our pity was wasted, for they had, if anything, a better time than we. Athletic, tireless, they led their escort a dance from deck to deck, through public rooms, through cabins, up rigging and down rigging. The ship was theirs, and they took the fullest advantage of it. Never could a pair of desperate and dangerous criminals have exhausted the police force more thoroughly.

THE shore party made an immediate dash for Simon Arzt and the native bazaars, investing in every kind of headdress, from the orthodox polo helmet to the tarboosh of the Egyptian and the burnous of the desert, and duly disguised clambered into carriages or crowded the small cafés. Beggars swarmed, speaking a word or two of every language. " Look Laurel-Hardy. . . . Tell fortune, plenty lucky. . . . Lady look pretty like Queen Mary. . . . Heil Hitler ! . . . Viva Mussolini. . . . Français, oui ? . . . Gaspadeen Russky ? " Twice, however, they were defeated ; one of our men cursed them in voluble Ukranian, and an Irish girl hurled Gaelic at them.

An officer and a gentleman, khaki shorts, topee and an eye-glass, approached me nervously. " I say, awfully sorry to butt in, never done it before, y' know ;

but I 'm stationed here, been here years, seen every kind of tourist, it 's the only amusement; but I can't place your crowd at all. The natives, too, are completely mystified. What nationality are you all ? " " This is the Ballet Russe, en route to Australia." " Oh, thank you, that accounts for it. Beastly sorry to have butted in. Best of luck."

THE Russian Ballet have completely baffled Port Said. They have succeeded in conquering a town that lives itself by baffling the tourist. Good luck to our jolly family.

All is calm again to-day. Two officers of the Indian Army—real *Bengal Lancer* style—sit discussing the Surrealiste exhibition and the painting of Salvator Dali—word of honour !—while on the lower deck Salvationists sing hymns, and actually they sound romantic—almost exotic. The piano tinkles out the well-known strains of *Sylphides*, and dancers perspire much as they do at Covent Garden or the Grand Opera.

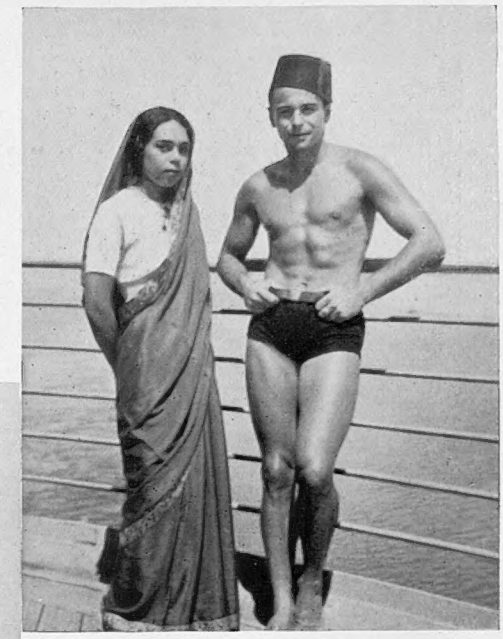
THE landing at Port Sudan provided an extraordinary contrast to Port Said. Immediately one was greeted with a notice stating that anyone asking for " backsheesh " would be liable to a fine of £10, and a few yards away was an official shop with every object priced in plain figures. An hour's car drive brought us to a " fuzzy-wuzzy " village, countless small huts in the baking red sand with not a tree in sight. There are goats and camels in the high street, semi-naked figures sprawling in the shade, and everywhere vultures waiting to scavenge. Lean ribby dogs tear a new-born kitten to pieces, to the great amusement of a group of native women.

Once again my party of ten dancers causes as much amusement to the Arabs as they to us, but certainly they are bettered mannered, and at any rate do not attempt to photograph us. They keep a respectful distance, too, as we are accompanied by a giant native policeman who grins and salutes every few yards. Some of our girls are a little frightened, but we are quite as safe as in Bond Street (safer, in fact, for our cars are the only ones in sight), and " call a policeman " is a phrase that is full of meaning.

LITTLE Sonia Woizikovska, daughter of the famous Woizikovsky, our maître de ballet, is at once immensely proud of being a British subject. She can scarcely speak a word of English, but, no matter, she was born during a London season, and in consequence Mr. Eden asks all and sundry to protect her.

Our tour is undertaken during the heat of the midday sun (" Mad dogs and Englishmen . . ." quotes the ship's prize bore, proud in knowing his Coward). We have been lucky in falling on a cool day, 95° in the shade, and missing the recent heat-wave—123° ! Then a tepid bathe with the " pukka sahibs " in the Red Sea swimming-bath, gin fizzes and lager. We have spent a day in Africa—(I fully intend to say for the rest of my life : " when I was in the Sudan in '36 ")—but I feel baffled, I have not heard the tom-toms throbbing, and will have to invent it in future accounts.

ONCE again a sweltering night at sea with a fiendish hot breeze ; poets call it " spice-laden." There is only one consolation, even the regulars cannot claim that it is cool, their brows betray them. Oh, those regulars ! Next stop, Bombay. " Ze sun nevaire set on my Empire Britannique," says Sonia in an orgy of flag-waggery.



Sava Andreev, son of Leonid Andreev, author of " He Who Gets Slapped," is a member of the company who are travelling to Australia on s.s Moldavia

Tamara Tchinarova and her mother were busy shoe-mending — dancer's pastime on sea as well as on land

Right : Nina Raievska rehearses " Scheherazade " in the Red Sea. She was with the Blum ballet at the end of their London season before joining Col. de Basil's Number Two company

Two Irinas after a rehearsal on board—Irina Bondireva and Irina Vassilieva

The baby of the company is fifteen years old and English—Lelia Russova (Russell)

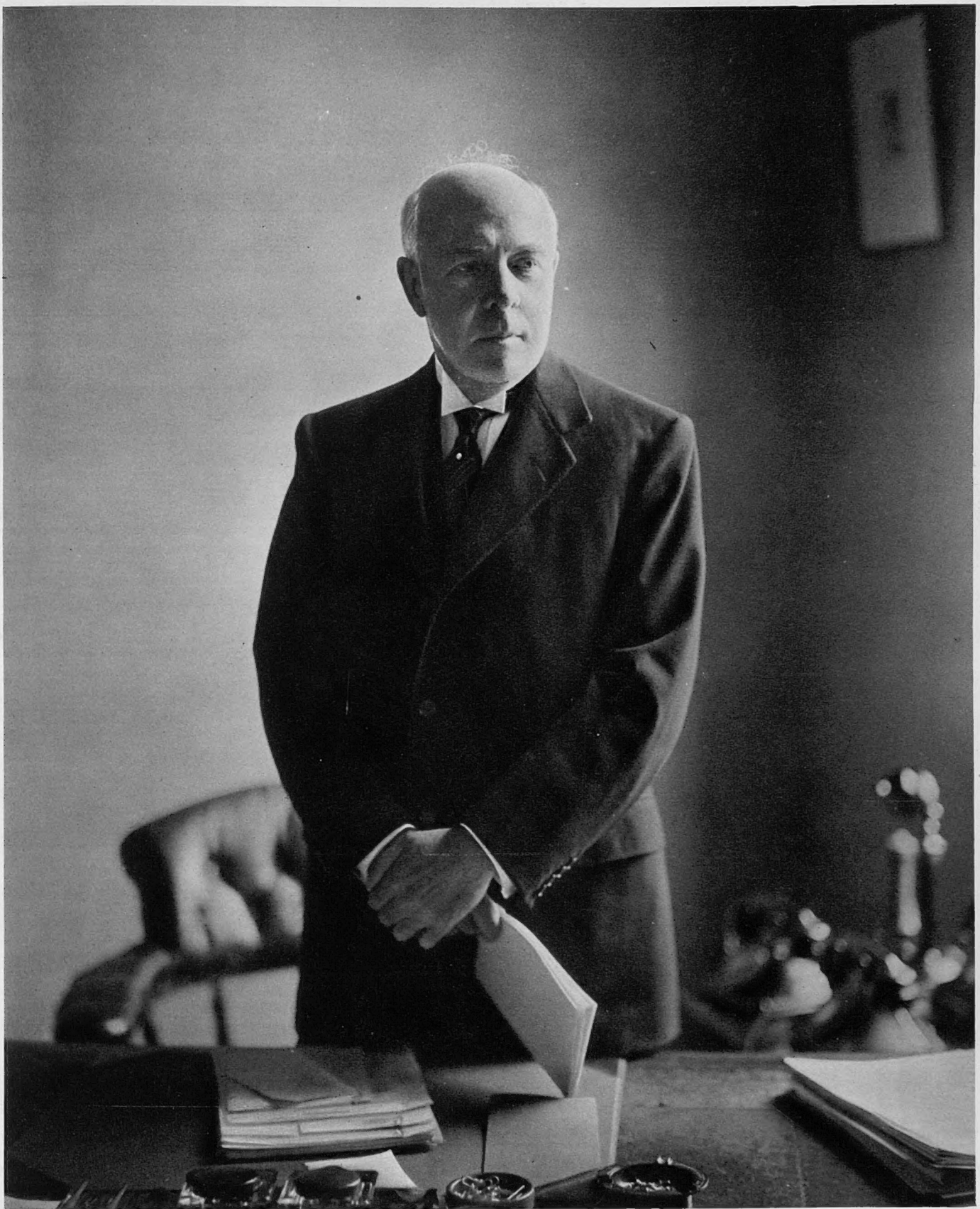
Pam Barton Listens to Patty Berg's Sad Story

An early stage picture of the American Ladies' Golf Championship at Summit, New Jersey—of thirteen-year-old Patty Berg, of Minneapolis, telling Pam Barton how she missed a putt in the qualifying round

The Triumph of Pam

Nineteen-Year-Old Pam Barton Becomes Golf Champion of Britain and America

Winning both the British and American Golf Championships in one year is a tremendous achievement for anyone—only one other woman has ever done it—and to do it at nineteen years old is even more spectacular. Pam Barton, who belongs to Royal Mid-Surrey, played very fine golf in the thirty-six-hole final, beating Mrs. J. W. Crews 4 and 3 with a thirty-foot putt at the thirty-third hole. The double event was last won in 1909, by an English girl who is now an American, Mrs. Hurd; the only other English victory in the American Championship was in 1913. Miss Barton, in fact, has made golf history, and added a noble item to the rather brief list of British international sport successes this year



Howard Coster, London

Lord Ashfield—Master of London's Transport

Except for four years, 1916 to 1920, when he was an M.P. and President of the Board of Trade, Lord Ashfield has been " in railways " all his life. He grew up in Detroit, and became general manager of two American electric railway companies before he migrated to England as a young man of thirty-three. Over here his first job, in 1907, was general managership of the District and Tube railways; five years later he became managing director of the Underground group, and when he went back to transport in 1919 it was as their chairman and managing director. For the last three years he has been chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board, and not content with controlling the trams and underground trains of London, and buses—red, green, and trolley—he is a director of the Midland Bank and Imperial Chemical Industries as well, and chairman and managing director of a London electric power company. He became a peer in 1920, married in 1904 an American wife, has two daughters, five grand-children, a house in South Street, and plays golf at week-ends

At the Academy Première of "Singende Jugend"

The Austrian Minister was amongst a big socialite audience which greeted "Singende Jugend"—the film about the Vienna choirboys—at the Academy last week. right: are Lord Reading and his this-year-debutante daughter, Lady Joan Isaacs; left: are Miss Diana Bethell and Mr. John Tollemache

The Newman Christening

Mr. George and Lady Joan Newman's baby son was christened Robin George by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace Chapel, with Lord Kimberley, Lord Somers, the Hon. Robin Gurdon, Lady Hyde, and Miss Nancy Fraser as godparents. Lady Joan Newman is the Earl and Countess of Clarendon's only daughter; her elder child, Gillian Ann, is with her in the picture

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

INVITATIONS to shoot at Six-Mile-Bottom are always much sought after. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid are marvellous hosts, the shooting is excellent, and the house divine.

Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare were there last week-end; Sir Rudolph and Lady Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. George Philippi.

Mrs. Philippi is one of those very exceptional women who combine all the attractively feminine qualities with immense sporting prowess.

In addition to being one of the best women shots in the country, she leads an extremely healthy out-of-door life, and yet likes sewing, very warm houses, and has a great flair for dress.

Like her sister, the Countess of Lisburne, she has small features, amazing dark eyes, and a delicious sense of humour.

The energy of Sir Samuel Hoare is amazing. He skates at eight a.m. every day throughout the winter, there are few men who are better shots, and in the intervals between shooting at Six-Mile-Bottom he beat all the younger men at tennis.

A Birthday Date

MEN don't care much for dress shows as a rule, but Lord Plunket made a brief appearance with his wife at a new shop in Carlos Place the other evening. He was off that same night to stay with Lord and Lady Haddington in Scotland, Lady Plunket following the next day.

We saw her later on that evening dancing at Quaglino's with Lord Donegall. She was wearing an exact replica of the divine dress worn by Marlene Dietrich at a party last week—green, red, and gold striped brocade. Lady Jersey and Mrs. Leonard Govett are said to possess similar dresses, and there is no more of the stuff to be had, so that 's that.

In the same party we noticed Lady Moira Combe, who has deserted London for months in favour of the sea breezes of Littlestone, and looks the picture of health in consequence, and even lovelier than ever; and the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who left by car long after midnight for Bournemouth in order to be in time to keep a birthday date with one of her children.

Major and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett were at another table, the Hon. Esmé Glyn and Sir Hugh Seely nearby, and Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. Robin Wilson in a party across the room.

An Engaging Couple

AT luncheon one day last week, we met that engaged and engaging couple, Sir Basil Bartlett and Miss Mary Malcolm, the latter wearing a red velvet suit, no hat, and a red hair-ribbon tying back her dark hair.

The date of their wedding has not yet been decided upon, but Sir Basil may do a quick trip to the States on business in the meantime, and the bride-elect is busily engaged in helping her mother to organise the famous annual servants' ball, which happens on November the seventeenth.

We expected to drink champagne out of sandals at the Dolcis (or Mr. Jack Upton's) cocktail-party on Thursday, but if there was an absence of this old-fashioned slipper gallantry, it was great fun anyway, and we left reluctantly to partake of a glass of sherry with Mrs. Spry, among her lovely flower decorations in South Audley Street.

"THE PASSING HOUR"
is unavoidably omitted this week — A. G. Macdonell is temporarily on the sick list

Change of Address

The Redfern Gallery has transferred from Old Bond Street to 20, Cork Street, and opened at the new address with an exhibition of contemporary pictures and a one-man show by Richard Eurich. Mr. Rex Nan Kivell, Mrs. Ala Story and Lord Alington, the directors of the new venture, were photographed at the opening party

Sir Basil Bartlett and Miss Mary Malcolm

Announced their engagement last week. Sir Basil Bartlett, the "actor-baronet," succeeded his grandfather in 1921 and in 1930 gave up a diplomatic career for the stage. Mary Malcolm, one of this year's loveliest debutantes, is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch and a granddaughter, through her mother of the late Lady de Bathe (Lily Langtry)

Opium in the Heels

MR. PETER STEWART, who was lunching at Quinto's when we met him, is one of those rare people that things always happen to.

When, for instance, he discovered the bootmaker of his dreams somewhere in the South of France, the gentleman went and died on him, with three pairs in hand, so to speak.

His executors, however, eventually forwarded "les souliers," but were careless about the number of noughts on the stated value, and wrote 4000 francs on the package, which not only caused the customs officials to charge duty to that extent, but to become extremely suspicious as to how and why three pairs of shoes could cost so much.

Hollow heels stuffed with opium was one bright idea that they conjured with, and the story of careless executors did not go down at all.

Meanwhile, they don't fit, and Peter Stewart is going grey trying to find out the French word for squeak and various other complaints he has in mind!

Damped His Ardour

ALSO at Quinto's we noticed Mr. Rupert Belville, bland and blonde, back for good this time it seems, from the Spanish front. Too much marching, too little fighting, and the singularly unpleasant experience of being expected to form one of a firing squad have damped even this gay adventurer's ardour.

Godfrey Winn was there, too, that day, only his newspaper tie to give you a clue that this snub-nosed, curly-headed young man writes best-seller articles all day long, and that his latest book, *Communion on Earth*, is an enormous success. He is planning a world tour next year, out of some of the profits.

Re-Union for Vienna

LUNCHEON-TIME on Monday is pretty quiet in most restaurants. People are either not back from the country, men are content to eat at a pub or club in the City after a week-end of relaxation, women will tell you they are "in a mess," and the idea of a sandwich at the hairdressers appeals to them.

What was our surprise on entering the San Marco last Monday, to find such a clatter and babble going on, it was unbelievable.

Between forty and fifty old school friends were being entertained by Miss Anne Stuart Anderson to celebrate her departure to Austria.

It was a riotous "re-union for Vienna," and the high-crowned absurdities that many of these charming debs had perched on their heads made us suspicious that they had already been there.

Somewhere New to Go

LUIGI'S GRILL, in Jermyn Street, which opened last week, is one of those peaceful, rather small restaurants, with no music. Who wants a band, anyway, at luncheon after a late night? Only vast places like the Ritz and Savoy can get away with it, and then don't we ask for a table as far from the band as possible?

Among those we saw at Luigi's on the opening night, were Lord and Lady Romilly, who do not belong to the persistent gang of "going outers," that charming couple, Sir Robert and Lady Renwick, and Miss Daphne Kingsmill in a deep purple dress and velvet coat that set off her brunette beauty to enormous advantage.

The Humble Customer

WHAT is there about a lift-girl's ridiculous uniform that makes her feel so haughty and superior?

Dietrich News

Marlene's chief appearance last week was at the first night of "Going Places," with Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as escort. It's more a question of showing Marlene to London now than showing London to her

Really, when you hear those humble and affluent matrons enquiring for the small or outsize department, and hear the scornful, almost inaudible reply, you ask yourself which is the customer, and which the paid employee of the establishment.

We would suggest that a few excursions up and down by disguised detectives might work wonders, and might make those gaitered "lifterettes" realise that they are being paid to direct as well as convey the wretched customer, who nearly gets her head snapped off before she even discovers where the model millinery is hidden.

MISS PEEPS

Weddings of the Week

Lord Dunglass and Miss Elizabeth Alington

Lord Dunglass, M.P. for Lanark, the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Home's five sons, married Elizabeth Alington at Durham Cathedral. She is the second daughter of the Dean of Durham and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, and granddaughter, through her mother, of the late Lord Lyttelton; her father, who was Head Master of Eton until 1933, performed the ceremony

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Mr. T. A. Pilkington and Miss Susan Hollebone

Thomas Alec Pilkington and Susan Hollebone were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pilkington, of 61, Cadogan Place, S.W.; she is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hollebone, of Sandleford Cottage, Newbury, and of Berkeley House, Hay Hill, W.

Leslie Alexander Mackay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mackay, of 49, Lowndes Square, S.W., and Louise Domville, younger daughter of the late Sir James Domville and Kathleen Lady Domville, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Louise Domville's elder sister, Valerie, married Mr. Robert Lea early this year

Mr. L. A. Mackay and Miss Louise Domville

Norman Parkinson

Princess Catherine of Greece

Here is a new portrait of the King of the Hellenes' youngest sister, taken during the month she has just spent in London. Now she has gone out to Florence to stay with her eldest sister, Princess Hélène, who has a villa there. She is the youngest child of the late King Constantine of Greece, and has seen more ups and downs in her family than most girls of twenty-three — the abdication of her father when she was four, his restoration, his second abdication when she was nine, the two years' reign of her brother and his nine years' exile, and finally his restoration in 1935. She herself leads an independent and interesting life, spends much of it travelling, has innumerable friends in England, is a cousin of the Duchess of Kent, and was one of her bridesmaids two years ago

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn

At Ranelagh (15th Year) and

Miss B. Eliot and Miss Julia Hill were second-round losers; they are with Miss Wanda Morgan, the holder, with Miss Doris Chambers, who was also beaten in the second round

Mrs. Ayscough and Mrs. Power lost to Mrs. Prior and Miss Offo in the first round; the latter couple were knocked out in the third round at Ranelagh

DEAR BYSTANDER—

IT must be a long time since anything has captured the public imagination so entirely, and filled it with such genuine, understandable delight, as Miss Pam Barton's win of the American Championship. The more you consider it, the greater the achievement seems; the lone adventure; the determination to train systematically on arrival, limiting the number of gaieties strictly; and then the steady tally of defeated opponents, culminating in the win from Mrs. Maureen Orcutt Crews. Miss Barton has fulfilled all the flattering things said on her first appearances, so that it would be difficult to say too much now; she has earned the thanks, as well as the admiration, of every British golfer for showing what we can do.

THAT all makes it the more amazing that we cannot win the Curtis Cup, just as it passed all understanding that Miss Morgan should not have won her match at Gleneagles when you saw the unbeatable stuff she played to win the English Championship at Hayling. I wish there was space to do justice to that, to the young players, such as Miss Norris, Miss Berry, Miss Bullard, Miss Doran, Miss Stobart, who earned fame down there; above all to Miss Morgan, herself as winner, Miss Phyllis Wade as runner-up, and two gallant semi-finalists in Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss Audrey Holmes.

But there is Ranelagh to describe, and Roehampton, and no space to do anything except say that the final was one of the best the English has ever seen, with Miss Morgan hitting the ball a mile, and Miss Wade chipping and putting beautifully, and only beaten because Miss Morgan did that too. It was great golf.

AT Ranelagh the course was in as good condition as anybody could remember in all the fifteen years of Autumn Foursomes and the greens as true as steel.

The first couple off and in on Tuesday was a past Girl Champion playing with a possible future one, to whit, Miss Jessie Anderson and Joan Pemberton. A very good pair they made of it that morning, though the next one, Miss Patrick and Miss Stewart, chased them to the 19th, and Mrs. Crouchley and Miss Cooke to the 17th after lunch. Miss Cooke was one of the inspired putters of the first round, a distinction shared by Mrs. Hugh Percy (which goes without saying), and her partner, Miss Enid Wilson; Miss Julia Hill, who kept up the touch that took her and Miss Wade into the Scottish final at Turnberry this summer; both the Miss Jacksons, and Mrs. Heppel. No doubt they were not the only ones who holed from all over the place or put the approaches so dead that putting was easy, if not superfluous; Miss Howard and Sheila Stroyan could hardly have gone out in 34 without some good green work, nor Miss Phyllis Wade and Jacqueline Gordon kept to an average pretty near fours. Yet this last-named pair, which had promised so well, did not survive, Mrs. Fell Clark and Mrs. Ian Millar putting too many wooden shots close to the pin for it to be possible to give them three strokes.

THE holders, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Doris Chambers, played grandly in every department, both pulling their weight and justifying their unbounded faith in each other. They were out in 33 and four under fours for fifteen holes. Could you ask for better? It was all the more credit to Mrs. Hunt and Miss Lamplough and surprising to the world at large, that they should get beaten next morning, particularly after arriving at dormy two and on the 17th green in one. The 19th was a sorry

Above: Mrs. Norman Hill and Mrs. Poulton were first-round losers to Miss B. and Miss P. Jackson, who departed in the third round

Left: Miss Shelagh Gibbs, Mrs. A. Stone, Miss O. B. Reeves, Miss M. Thompson. Miss Gibbs and Miss Thompson won 6 and 5 in the first round

Right: Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp beat Mrs. Benson and Mrs. S. W. Hedges in the first round

Foursomes

Roehampton (12th Year)

By Eleanor E. Helme

story, and the 20th not much better, but even reigning champions must be allowed to nod now and again.

There were the usual tales of brave recoveries; Miss Lampson and Mrs. Hillman Grey lipped the 18th for 2, and won it in 3 to square the match, after being three down most of the way, and won at the 20th; Mrs. Beck and Miss Rabbidge did much the same to win at the 19th; Mrs. Griffin put a chip dead to get herself and Miss Stocker home there; Mrs. and Angela Noble won there after being four down, with a little timely aid from a fat pigeon which nearly flopped on to Mrs. Leonard's club at the 19th.

GOOD fighting is no monopoly of Ranelagh: the first day at Roehampton was the scene of a great recovery from Mrs. Spencer and Miss Ling, who won with a fine 4 at the 19th, after being four down and six to go; and it was on the same green that a Girls' Championship competitor, Miss Joan Easton, and her elder sister, got home from a much more experienced couple. The next morning Mrs. Spencer and Miss Ling went one further, to the 20th, and won there, Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Idina Mills yet further, for they only won at the 21st. Such efforts must have been too exhausting, for both these couples were beaten in the afternoon, Mrs. Spencer's side by Mrs. Cumberledge and Miss Page, 4 and 3, and Lady Brecknock's by Mrs. Drysdale and Mrs. Cunningham, who pulled back a big deficit with rare persistence and good golf. By the end of the second day, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and her sister, Mrs. Sanderson, were firmly established as likely winners, a real holiday and regular golf in Scotland having brought back some of her old form to Mrs. Morrice.

To return to Ranelagh, and the second day. By the end of it, folk were talking a great deal about Miss Thompson, the Welsh runner-up, and Miss Gibbs, who had beaten Miss Wilson's side; of Miss Howard and Sheila Stroyan, who had taken the last five holes in three's to beat Miss Firth and Miss Nielson 1 up; of Miss McLintock's and Mrs. Arnell's putting against Mrs. V. G. Davies and Mrs. Andrew McNair; of how Mrs. King and Mrs. Manisty had taken their chances against Miss Fishwick and Mrs. Gage, and not against Miss Dorothy Pearson and her mother; of how grandly last year's Roehampton winners, Miss Townend and Mrs. Pritt, had done in taking Mrs. Heppel and Miss Walker to the last green with only three strokes to help them; of how well Mrs. Provan was playing, and whether some entirely unrehearsed pairings, such as Mrs. Rowand-Harker with Mrs. Wilfred Walker or Mrs. Newton with Miss Doran, were not going to come right through.

ON Thursday there was one main topic of conversation, and that was the Welsh pair who had put out Miss Wilson's side and had now proceeded to do the same to Miss Jessie Anderson and Joan Pemberton, 7 and 6, going out in 30. Such golf sounds fantastic from a couple handicapped at 17 joint, but I can only say they were right inside those figures, for there were no long putts, only pitches up to the hole stone dead. Here are the figures: 3, 3, 3, 3, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3=30 out, and 5, 4, 4 to complete the round dozen of holes in 43. Miss Gibbs' golf has steadied down, Miss Thompson's looks chock full of promise—for she has only been playing eighteen months. Though they did not play quite so amazingly in the afternoon, they still had the measure all the way of Mrs. Wilfred Walker and Mrs. Rowand-Harker, who had earned much fame in the morning by putting out Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell 2 and 1, and evidently found it difficult to get going again. Then Miss Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Provan, who took it in turns to hole chips and stymie the

(Concluded on page 86)

Miss Isabella Rieben and her mother, Mrs. Rieben, beat Mrs. Ian Waters and Mrs. Guy Bennett in the first round, but were beaten themselves in the second round

Miss Dorothy Spalding and Mrs. A. E. Parkes lost in the first round to Mrs. Manisty and Mrs. King, who were then beaten by Mrs. Pearson and Miss Pearson in the second round

Mrs. W. A. Huggins and Mrs. L. R. Norman lost to Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Joan Pemberton, who got as far as the fourth round

Left: Miss J. Hamilton and Mrs. Crosthwaite beat Miss M. Ratcliffe and Mrs. G. A. Collins who lost to the two Jacksons in the second round

Right: Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mrs. J. W. Pearson beat Mrs. Tom Smith and Mrs. Vigers in the first round; they were fourth-round losers to Mrs. Burns and Miss Munn

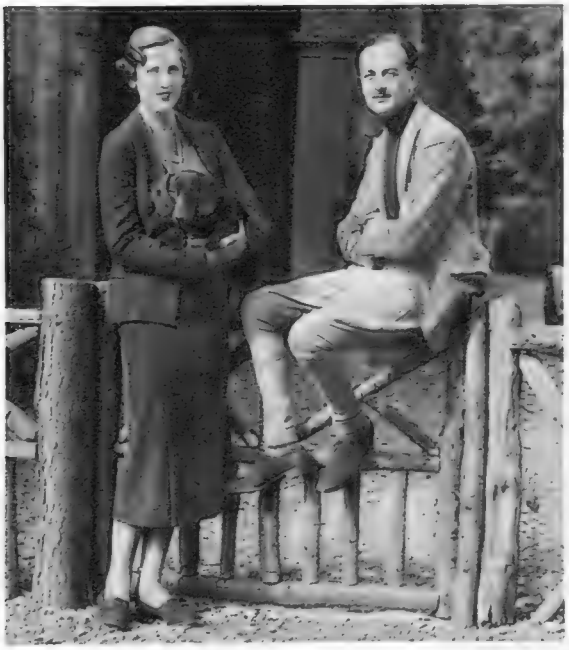
Norfolk: an M.P. Gives a Shooting Party

The party was given by Mr. Thomas Cook, at Sennowe Park, his Norfolk place, with various M.P.s among his guests. He and Mrs. Cook (who was Gwyneth Evan Jones) are above on the left; on the right are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cross. Mr. Cross is M.P. for Rossendale, in Lancashire; his wife was Louise Green-Emmott. Thomas Cook's constituency is North Norfolk; he has wide local interests, is a County Councillor, and chairman of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture among other things, and owns the Norfolk "Chronicle." He and Mrs. Cook are Joint Masters of the North Norfolk Harriers

October Out of Doors

Right: Miss Pamela Cayzer, Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer's elder daughter, won the Best Ladies' Hunter Class at the Woking Show at Arborfield with her horse, Misty Morning

Hampshire: a Horse Show Winner



Gloucestershire Young Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Wingfield were photographed at Wych Hill House, Stow-on-the-Wold, his parents' home. He is in the 10th, and the only son of the Hon. Maurice Wingfield, Lord Powerscourt's brother; she was Judy Stanley, and they were married last year. They have a daughter born this summer, called Deirdre Jocelyn

A Foursome at Roehampton

Right: Mrs. I. Mills and Lady Brecknock played Miss V. Tait and Miss Engelbach in the "Bystander" Foursomes at Roehampton; they won, but next day they were beaten by 1 hole in the fourth round

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

American Justice — English Jury

Secretary and mistress (Phœbe Foster) regards the case with disdain

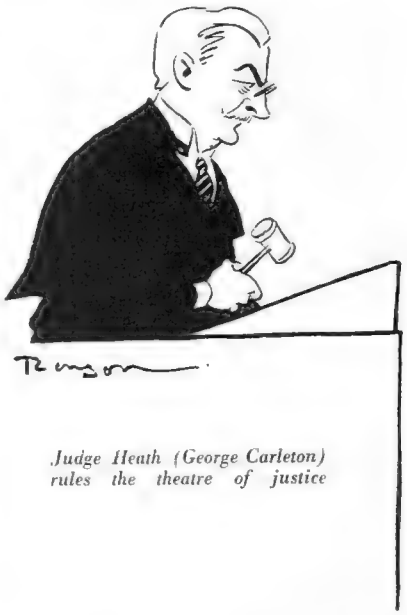
Sketches by Rouson

"The Night of January 19th" (Phœnix)

AMONG the inducements now offered to visit the Phœnix Theatre is the possibility that you may leave the building richer than you entered it. Not richer, perhaps, in mind, but richer in pocket, which is what most playgoers would prefer. For the scene is a New York court-room, the court-room is set for a trial, the trial requires a jury, the jury is selected from the audience; and if you are lucky enough to have your name called, you will receive twelve shillings on discharge, which is clearly an act, if not of generosity, of Equity.

District Attorney Flint (Edward H. Robins) is livid with defending counsel

In return for your fee, it will not be enough to sit on the stage and look as unself-conscious as you can manage. It will be your business to think hard, for whatever verdict you return will be honourably accepted by the judge. Thus, if you acquit the prisoner, deciding that her employer was committing suicide when that body hurtled to the side-walk from the skyscraper, the judge will speak the Acquittal Ending furnished by the American author. If, on the other hand, you condemn her, deciding that the body was a corpse before it emerged from the window, he will speak the Electric Chair Ending, alternatively provided.



Judge Heath (George Carleton) rules the theatre of justice

Nor must you overlook the possibility that the body (rendered unrecognisable) may not have been the body of the employer at all.

THIS is a new kind of game, and I was sorry on the first night not to be personally invited to play it. For one thing, it is such an excellent advertisement to have your name shouted—as were the names of Adrienne Allen, Raymond Massey, Jack Hylton, and others—all over the auditorium. For another, I should have liked to strike a blow for fair Phœbe Foster round about the middle of the second Act by rising from my seat in the jury-box and crying, "*I* murdered Bjorn Faulkner"—just to see what the judge would have up his sleeve as an alternative for that. If this play is a good battle of wits, what an even better battle of wits a little initiative might make it!

But without interference from outside, *The Night of January 16th* is, on the whole, so complicated that we are, perhaps, less engrossed in the unravelling of the story than in the hurricane and most un-English bully-ragging of Edward H. Robins as District Attorney Flint and Grandon Rhodes as Defence Attorney Stevens. You

Scheming young wife (Florence Britton) regards secretary with disdain

remember the Victorian lady who, on seeing *Antony and Cleopatra*, murmured, "How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!" Could she be present at the Phœnix, she might well add, "How different from the court life of our own dear Patrick Hastings!"

FULL justice is done to this rather violent piece by the all-American company which has been brought over to perform it. Thumbnail sketches of minor witnesses, each (of course) with his own peculiar way of taking the oath, afford welcome if familiar relief from the general bombardment. "This is another *Trial of Mary Dugan*," said somebody in the interval. "This isn't another *Trial of Mary Dugan*," said somebody else. Paradoxically, they were both correct in their pronouncements.

My own opinion is that it is certainly worth the twelve shillings you may get for going. The management might even reduce the offer to half a sovereign without seriously affecting the booking.

Defence Attorney Stevens (Grandon Rhodes) is peeved with prosecuting counsel

"Mayerling"

Austrian Tragedy at the Curzon

Charles Boyer as Archduke Rudolph

"Triste Orgie de Chez Sacher . . ."

Danielle Darrieux as Marie Vetséra

Mayerling which goes to the Curzon next week is a kind of odd but so-different sequel to the new Grace Moore picture. *The King Steps Out* makes musical comedy of Franz-Josef and Elizabeth of Austria; *Mayerling* takes seriously the story of their tragic son, Rudolph, and the young and beautiful girl he loved. The film of their meeting and the brief passionate affair that Rudolph ended for both of them, when they found it could have no future, by killing first Marie and then himself at Mayerling, "pavillon de chasse" outside Vienna, is an adaptation of Claude Anet's novel. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux play Rudolph and Marie; he has been seen here in American and French films, and she has been in at least one Curzon picture, *The Slump is Over*. *Mayerling* is French, directed by Anatole Litvak, and has had a tremendous success all over the Continent

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PERHAPS a faded platoon of ghostly coryphées will dance a last divertissement amid the ruins of the Alhambra when the workmen have finished pulling it down to make way for Mr. Deutsch's super-cinema; hovering round and ogling these shades, perhaps, those of a few pre-war Guardees, pioneers of Empire on leave, Edwardian stockbrokers, Victorian mashers, and perhaps one or two dim beaux of the 'fifties. The Ballet was the thing at the Alhambra for sixty years. The native and continental turns preceding it might have been (and, people say, often were) of agonising dullness, but when the curtain rose again on *Gisèle* or some more gorgeously-coloured ballet you got your money's worth of Art, more often than not. Arthur Symons once defined the most magical coup d'œil of an Alhambra ballet as that caught by chance from the other side of the road as two doors suddenly swung open and closed again, affording a glimpse of the stage far off in a blue mist, its brilliant crowd drawn up in the final pose, the curtain just coming slowly down. And Compton Mackenzie has preserved the pre-war Alhambra fresh and intact for the present generation as the "Orient Palace of Varieties" in *Carnival*, with all its exotic scents and sights and sounds: the celebrated Promenade where the Piccadilly courtesans trailed their long skirts and the sahibs from Overseas slapped each other on the back, the claque in the gallery, the underground dressing-rooms, like a rabbit-warren with their maze of passages.

A typical Alhambra ballet of the best period would probably turn out to be boredom incarnate if it were revived now. The present taste in ballet inclines to the brutal—like the Hogarth *Rake's Progress* ballet at Sadler's Wells—and the cynico-sophisticated, whereas the Alhambra tradition stood chiefly for grace and melody, as far removed in flavour from the modern stuff as candy from curry. Perhaps the old ballets were a bit chocolatey and cloying, but a large number of them were extremely beautiful, an elderly theatregoer once assured us; as beautiful as any Degas. His eyes glistened as he recalled them, the ageing satyr, nor did he fail to descant (as we expected) on the dizzying beauty of the ballerinas and corps-de-ballet of his time, compared with whom modern lovelies are but hoppoles. Was it ever true? Look at Toulouse-Lautrec's studies of La Goulue and Grille d'Egout and other stars of the Moulin Rouge. If they don't look to you like capering pew-openers, somewhat ginned, we'll eat our Gibus.

Threnody

HERB WILLIAMS, American comedian, is dead. He died at Freeport, L.I., a few days ago. On his first appearance in a London revue in 1928 Mr. Archie de Bear had the temerity to advertise him as "the funniest man in the world." The odd thing was that this assertion, so far as weak human judgment avails, was the truth. Herb Williams (you may remember) was the clown with the high, serious, cone-shaped, bald brow, the dry, abrupt, academic, rather furious manner, and the grand pianoforte—he was a very fine pianist—which turned out to be full of cats, cabbages, hens, fruit, coal, buckets of water, and other curiosities. He was all the Marx Brothers rolled into one. Last time we saw him he concluded his act by wheeling a crane on the stage and hanging the conductor, because he couldn't stand it any longer. Ill with laughing, we were confirmed in our belief that Herb Williams was a clown incomparable by observing the frigid features of an obvious *Punch* reader in the next stall. This sahib didn't think it funny. Nor did he approve.

Considering how Charles Lamb carried on about Suett and Palmer and other comedians of his time, it seems a huge pity that his lineal successor, E. V. Lucas, never apparently got Herb Williams-conscious and made an essay out of him. Mr. Lucas has a devotion to the Fratellini, who are very good, but not half so madly good as Herb Williams. Grock again, is admittedly superb, but Williams's humour was more fantastic, and independent of the number of "props" he carried. A superb grotesque has gone.

"Don't bother with the bottom, it won't show"

Demon Rum Dept.

A MAN who was in Paris during the recent lightning waiters' strike, when even the Ritz had to pull down the shutters, tells us it was just like home. The Saturday afternoon was blue, balmy, and delightful. The Parisians strolled aimlessly up and down the Grands Boulevards, unable to get a drink anywhere. This seemed to them an incredible happening; which shows the curious way foreigners are brought up. Our friend felt

very strongly that Lady Astor ought to have flown over on the spot and harangued the populace on the blessings of having every café and bar closed. He thinks she 'd have gone over big. These French have the bad habit—about a thousand years old—of getting a drink practically any time they want one, and it 's time their eyes were opened to the blessings of Freedom. It 's too late now, and a great opportunity has been missed.

Another great opportunity, we 're told, was missed some years ago, owing to excess of zeal. This occurred during the Burgundian vineyard troubles of 1907, when a keen opponent of the Demon Rum (also American, and a lady) started chopping at the deserted vines with a little hatchet by way of a practical protest. Instantly the peasants forgot their grievances and chased her for miles. Had she merely addressed them on the moral necessity of abolishing alcoholic liquor she might have had them all signing the pledge in tears, who knows? Instead of which—Yoicks! Gone away! Whoosh! Hahay! Wham! Zowie! A bleak New England dial or pan contorted with sincere surprise and holy fear, a pair of galloping boots, a trail of dust, and a pack of infuriated rural foreigners on her heels roaring phrases, locutions, and parts of speech to be found in no decent travellers' guide. . . . At the Bell at Dijon they still tell the mirific story, with hoarse rumblings of Burgundian mirth. Could such things happen nowadays in a civilised land? Would the League allow it?

Meeting

THE latest—and, alas! the last—of those hilarious works of fiction called collectively the Chesterbelloc shows once more, if it were necessary, what a fine satiric artist G. K. Chesterton was, and how perfectly his drawings are attuned to every gesture of Mr. Belloc's wingèd pen. Whether lovingly tracing the features of an imaginary character like Canon Cone or an actual character like Mr. Alfred Beit (who, as lovers of the Bentley Biographies remember, screamed aloud in the night), Chesterton put into a few strokes a world of subtle, devastating comedy. It 's a coincidence that the first advance chapters of his autobiography explain where

"Little Smirchington-under-Water? Well, if I was going there myself, I shouldn't start from here at all"

and how he first met Mr. Belloc—a meeting as classic and fraught with consequence as that of Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan. It was in a little Soho restaurant in the days before Soho had been discovered, when you could get a half-bottle of perfectly drinkable claret for sixpence. Mr. Belloc, fresh from his triumphs at the Oxford Union, came in with Lucian Oldershaw, sat down, and at once began criticising the habits of King John. "It was from that dingy little café, as from a cave of witchcraft," says Chesterton, "that there emerged the quadruped, the twiformed monster Mr. Shaw has nicknamed the Chesterbelloc."

It was—or might one say it is?—a friendship remarkable not only for exhibiting the perfect communion of two outstanding modern minds, but for the fact that it never wavered once in forty years. So many strong friendships are wrecked by some sudden accident, large or trifling, that this is noteworthy. The only other contemporary instance of unfaltering friendship over a long period has often been cited, not that we care a hoot how often—the lifelong devotion of Mr. Shaw to Mr. Shaw. But this perhaps goes beyond mere friendship. Wasn't it Dorothy Parker who described it as the greatest love-story of the ages?

Please, Uncle!

THOSE of you who saw Sir John Martin Harvey's revival of *Œdipus Rex* at Covent Garden and didn't raise indignant hoots ought to be feeling pretty ashamed of themselves. It isn't our opinion, it 's that of Freud—

"Please can I sit in front with the driver?"

" Uncle Libido " to his many friends and admirers. Uncle takes a shrewd crack at people like you in one of his Vienna lectures on psycho-analysis which we 've just looked up for fun. If you sat through *Œdipus Rex* and didn't remonstrate loudly it 's because you have the Œdipus-complex yourself, Uncle says. " He [the indifferent spectator] reacts as though by self-analysis he had detected the Œdipus-complex in himself, and had recognised the will of the gods and the oracle as glorified disguises of his own Unconscious ; as though he remembered in himself the wish to do away with his father and in his place to wed his mother, and must abhor the thought." That 's the sort of stinking rotter you seem to be, and frankly it sickens us.

Uncle's continued vogue—possibly not quite so hot or strong now as it used to be—has been accounted for very sensibly by Léon Daudet, among others. Daudet says it is due to Uncle's having afforded pseudo-scientific and pretentious excuses, pretexts, and alibis ending in *-us*, *-a*, and *-um* to the vicious, the nutty (*mabouls*), and the semi-nuts. Uncle 's been a godsend to Bloomsbury, as everybody knows. The rather odious types there swell with delicious importance when explaining their odd little inhibitions to each other. Bloomsbury was also pretty well represented in the recent tribute of admiration sent by our leading highbrows to Uncle Libido on his eightieth birthday, we noticed. How far Bloomsbury was represented in the audiences at *Œdipus Rex* we don't yet know, but there must obviously have been a few normal chaps present as well: fresh-faced, open-air, blue-eyed, clean-limbed, candid Nordic types, possibly keen on cricket and all that sort of thing. We imagine Freud's opinion of these for not protesting will cause them astonishment, perhaps dismay. However, we 've just thought of a mitigating circumstance. Uncle probably doesn't know how many of 'em have been completely dumb from birth.

Appeal

THE one bit of comedy in the recent currency mix-up occurred when Holland went off the gold standard and Dr. Colijn, the Prime Minister, appealed to the Dutch over the radio to keep calm. The calmest people on the face of the earth manage to preserve their stolidity, travellers in the Dutch Indies say, even in tropical heat, tornadoes, cyclones, and hurricanes. They didn't get excited when they sailed methodically up the Thames and the Medway and bombarded us in Charles II.'s time, and there 's no record of Van Tromp or their other ace admirals ever having batted an eyelid in the fiercest sea-engagement. Nobody colder, calmer, more silent, or more phlegmatic than William of Orange has ever occupied the English throne, nor could his dainty Dutch boy-friends be described as vivacious in any degree, for all their curls and rouge. For Dr. Colijn to implore his nation to keep calm seems to us rather as if M. Blum were to urge the French to be careful with their money, or Mr. Baldwin to urge the English to show a bit of decent emotionalism, or Herr Hitler implored the Germans to be docile, or the Duce pleaded with the Italians to employ a little logic in their reasoning. (Not to speak of the President of Liberia's adjuring his dusky countrymen never to turn pale. . . .)

It must be a great thing, in a way, to be square-built, square-rigged, broad-beamed, and flat-bottomed as your own barges, placid and slow as your own canals, rooted in the soil like your own tulips. It must be wonderful to know that if Shirley Temple arrived at the Hague the whole population wouldn't go instantly screaming mad with excitement. It must be soothing never to have hysterical literary gentlemen whispering their little secrets to the bulbs. It must be refreshing never to be stampeded, rattled, or panicked by spellbinders, home or Colonial. It must be fine to look on a grazing cow as a rather mercurial, skittish animal. It must be attractive to be Dutch, occasionally.

Owner Up

FROM the Autumn Clearance catalogue of the *Times* Book Club :

Valentine's Days. By Viscount Castlerosse. 18 Illustrations.

	Published Price	Sale Price
An entertaining book of reminiscences by the owner of the *Daily Express*.	12s. 6d.	4s.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Two packets of pins and half-a-dozen nibs in a fortnight— it 's not good enough, Rawlins "

"Bystander" Short Story No. 59

Outside

By Oliver Baldwin

Illustration by C. F. Tunnicliffe

THERE was no doubt in the mind of Number Eleven that the man in the next bed to him was in great pain, and yet as far as he had been able to gather from the nurse it had been a perfectly ordinary broken collar bone and concussion. Night after night Number Eleven had heard sobbing, and then one morning it crossed his mind that the pain might be more concerned with the mind than the body. He himself, with a recently amputated leg, was feeling much better, and in compassion he leant over and began to talk. It took about five minutes of sympathetic question and answer to elicit the whole story, and it was a sad enough one in all conscience. There had been a honeymoon and a motor smash and the young bride was dead. It was difficult for Number Eleven to know what to say when he heard this. He found himself mumbling "hard luck" and "how terrible," the while knowing how fatuous any sympathy from him might be. But as time went on, Number Eleven felt that his new friend liked to be spoken to, and, as a bandage over his head also loosely covered his eyes, Number Eleven told him of others in the ward and what they looked like and from what they were suffering. And yet, in spite of this, the man soon grew uninterested, for doubtless his mind was wandering back to the tragedy that had well-nigh broken his life, and therefore Number Eleven in the kindness of his heart set about to think of some way to lift the burden of sorrow.

NOW it happened that Number Eleven's bed was directly under a window, whereas his neighbour's, being at an angle and round a little corner, had but little light; and it was this window which gave him an idea. When no nurse was in the ward, Number Eleven raised himself slowly on his elbows and right knee and gazed for many minutes out of the window till the pain from his amputated leg forced him to seek ease and comfort in his usual recumbent position. Each view from that window told Number Eleven many things, and these he began to impart to his neighbour, until the latter's fancy was filled with the happenings in the little street below and the rooms in the opposite houses. It appeared that the house opposite was a large block of newly erected flats and that expensive looking ladies with expensive looking furs passed in and out, while business men and little children were also inhabitants. Again in the area was a pretty maid, and occasionally she would talk long and earnestly with the milkman and the postman or the policeman. So earnestly did she talk indeed that Number Eleven and his neighbour began to take sides in their desire to see true love be the outcome of such conversations. Number Eleven thought the milkman had most chance, but when, one evening, it was announced that the postman, having discarded his uniform, had presented himself at the area steps and been invited down, he had to own that his neighbour's preference was obviously shared by the pretty maid herself.

THEN there was the lady in the fox fur who gave a little boy a coin for opening the door of her motor car and she always appeared to be happy and laden with parcels. There was a reason for this, for upstairs on the first floor a man lay ill in bed and she sat for hours and held his hand just by the window, so that her profile was clear cut against the darkness of the interior. Number Eleven described every detail until the day came when the man got up and dressed and went for a drive in the woman's car. In the top flat

(*Concluded on page* viii)

"These he began to impart to his neighbour, until the latter's fancy was filled with the happenings in the street below"

The Place Vendôme—Six a.m. on Sunday Morning

"Demonstration" Sunday in Paris coincided with what some newspapers called "Black" Sunday here. Both here and there the police had a busy time from early morning on. This hotel-window view of the Place Vendôme shows some of the mounted Gardes Mobiles riding out to take up their positions. Elsewhere in Paris people ate largely to make up for meals they'd missed the day before when the waiters were out on strike

Mrs. Harry Hassan and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills had been lunching together. Mrs. Hassan and her husband are Americans living in Paris. Mrs. Wills was there on a shopping expedition

Paris in Two Moods

Politically Serious, Socially Gay

Right: Mme. Jacques Allez and her daughter, Miss Frances Munn, went racing at Longchamps. The Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe, which M. Boussac's Corrida won, was the big event of the day

Mme. Elvire Popesco, the lovely Rumanian actress, wore mustard and black for her Longchamps racing day. She is too busy at present making films to go into the new Paris production that's waiting for her

Below: Mrs. Sybil Pim and Miss Zandra Rambeau had to search for lunch on the hungry Saturday: at this moment they had found and eaten it

Miss Wendy Whitley is being "finished" in Paris; she is with her father, Mr. Clifford Whitley. They both flew to London for the first night of his new show, "Going Places," at the Savoy last week

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 42

René Clair

At first sight he looks like a French duke disguised as a six-day bicycle racer, particularly when he wears a yellow polo jumper and grey flannel trousers. On reflection, however, his high forehead, occasionally corrugated, and his darting brown eyes suggest something more intelligent than either a track athlete or the haute noblesse of la belle France. Actually René Clair is the son of a Paris shopkeeper who sold ice buckets and mossers to hotels and restaurants, but after driving a Red Cross ambulance at the Front, he became a cub reporter when peace was declared, and anything from crime to finance claimed his acute attention when the news editor of the *Intransigeant* sent him out on a story. Then he became a film critic; all of which is exactly how Alexander Korda started.

Whereupon he decided to go into pictures, and in order to learn the ropes and write scenarios he became a small-time actor, graduating finally to assistant director. The first film he ever made was *Paris Qui Dort*. Over here it was called *Crazy Ray*. It took six months to make. The company went into liquidation, and René was paid thirty pounds for his services. *Italian Straw Hat*—if you remember it—was the picture that put him on the map, and *Sous les Toits* was his first talkie. Then came *Le Million* and *À Nous la Liberté*—the satire on factory life which Chaplin exploited so completely in *Modern Times*. If you ask René what he thinks of the latter film he will give that significant twitch of the left eyebrow which is so characteristic of him, and say that of all people in the world he alone cannot answer that question.

René Clair hates walking. That is why he likes the English climate—because it gives him an excuse to go by car. He loves fishing and doing nothing in the South of France, where he has a villa at St. Tropez. When he gets angry he says terrible things in French. When he wants to draw your attention he taps you, like Napoleon, on the shoulder. He has a very pretty Russian wife, a small son, a house at Bray, and an ambition to direct Katharine Hepburn.

Primarily René Clair regards himself as a novelist, not a director, and indeed one of his novels, *Star Turn*, is shortly to be translated into English. In the studios his chief quality is absorbed attention to detail and infinite patience. At the moment he is making *A Bicycle Made for Two*, and has reached a point where he gets a share in the profits instead of a flat fee.

René Clair has never been to Hollywood. But he has never refused to go there. Simply, the Hollywood executives refuse his terms, which are that he should be allowed to work as free as he does in Europe. Once he was a promising bantam. He is still very fond of tennis. Once he shot a film in six weeks. He still manages to get his way in the studios. To-day he regrets the devaluation of the franc, pays super-tax in two countries, and refuses to fly if he can possibly avoid it. Inconsequential perhaps, but there you are.

Charles Graves

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Bottle Royal

"Who are fighting?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the White King.

"But what are they fighting for?"

"Well, they both want a Guinness," said the King, "and there's only one left. The worst of the joke is, that even that one belongs to me! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the song:

"'The Lion & The Unicorn' was full of thirsty men
From ten o'clock till two o'clock
and six o'clock till ten.
Some had a sandwich, some had two:
But they all had a Guinness,
which is Good For You."

"Does—the one—that wins—get the Guinness?" she asked, as well as she could while they were running.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "The one that's *had* the Guinness wins."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.566.A.

CARRERAS LTD—150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Home Fleets

The East Coast herring season opened early this month, when a fleet of two hundred and fifty tough little fishing-boats left Lowestoft for the North Sea grounds; Eastern Dawn and Devon County made a race of it out of port

Meanwhile, off the Scottish coast round Dornoch, H.M.S. Eclipse, Express and Echo, members of the 5th Destroyer Flotilla commanded by Captain Burrough from the Exmouth, took part in the Home Fleet manœuvres, practising torpedo attacks and high-speed helmsmanship

"The King Steps Out"

Grace Moore's new film is Viennese musical comedy pure and simple, and von Sternberg has made a gay and effective entertainment of it. It is perhaps strange that Franz Josef of Austria and his Empress Elizabeth should have been chosen as the characters for Grace Moore and Franchot Tone to play, when all Ruritania was there to provide the story

Films of the Day

The Wild West: By George Campbell

THE Indian cycle is upon us. In King Vidor's *Texas Rangers* cabins blaze, settlers are scalped, Rangers fight to the last man against plumed warriors galloping in the habitual anti-clockwise circles and uttering authentic but oddly effeminate cries. In *The Last of the Mohicans* (pronounced Mo-HEE-cans by Americans) Hurons carry on alarmingly, the villainous Magua battles to the death against the Mohican chief and his son, and braves bite the dust every 270 feet or two-and-a-half minutes. And De Mille's *The Plainsman* is yet to come.

OF the two new pictures, *The Texas Rangers* is by far the better. Vidor, you will remember, made *The Big Parade* and *The Crowd*; he is one of the ablest directors in the world. Like Frank Capra, he can also write—in fact, he wrote this story of the Rangers. As a general rule, nothing is stranger than Hollywood's reliance on the clichés of the West—the pretty ranch-owner robbed by rustlers, the crooked sheriff and the hard-ridin', straight-shootin' cowboy to the rescue—when there are magnificent historical stories like Stewart Edward White's *The Long Rifle* and a whole series by Hugh Pendexter. If Mr. Vidor has not wholly departed from formula he has at least injected life into it. His three road agents are genial, likeable rascals—a deal too likeable for men whose trade necessarily involved shooting dead anybody who had the bad judgment to resist. But that is an ethical rather than an artistic point. A more serious criticism is that the picture is in places a trifle sentimental, possibly due to the fact that Mr. Vidor is himself a Texan and has been carried away now and then by his theme.

DETAILS apart however, *The Texas Rangers* is a magnificently efficient bit of craftsmanship—full of sound characterisation, engaging humour, and sweeping action set against desert backgrounds of strange sinister beauty. The plot is neatly devised and wholly credible, and nothing tenser or more poignant has been seen for years than the scene where Jack Oakie, now a Ranger, is detected by his outlaw friend in an attempt to capture him. "Anything happened?" asks one of the bandit's Mexican followers. "Nothing important," says the leader, nonchalantly shooting his old pal dead. Lloyd Nolan gives a brilliant performance as the outlaw, Fred MacMurray shows strength and restraint as the hero, and Oakie is at his best as the wisecracking friend. Fred Kohler, the veteran "heavy" who has probably shot more people in the back and died in a greater variety of ways than any other actor now on the screen, makes a brief appearance as boss of a small town cleaned up by the hero with the aid of the bandit friend whom he afterwards has to kill; and Jean Parker, thanks to neat writing and direction, is an unusually entertaining heroine. Altogether first-rate entertainment for all but the very supercilious.

DID you ever succeed in reading *The Last of the Mohicans* right through? I never did. The film version spares you the minute detail and the endless, quite incredibly stilted conversations; and since there is not so much of the characters whom James Fenimore Cooper always alluded to as females, that is also to the good. Pruned of its surplus verbiage, the story moves fast, and the fighting is very well done. I particularly liked Randolph Scott as Hawkeye, the fighting man, and Henry Wilcoxon (stout fella) is perfect as his English rival; a bit stupid, of course (for though Cooper married the daughter of a New York loyalist family he never forgot he was an American) but hardly stupider than some of England's generals. Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel do what they can with the females, and some of the historical characters, notably Montcalm, are played soundly by old stagers.

IT would be hard to find, in modern history, a Queen whose life was more tragic than Elizabeth of Austria's. Perhaps that's why they have just made a funny musical about her.

Her story begins in the 1850's when the tyrannical old Empress of Austria was looking for a wife for young Francis Joseph, and picked on Helen, elder daughter of Duke Max of Bavaria. Max was eccentric and delightful. His best friend was a musician, he loved yodelling in a beer hall better than dull dinners at the palace, he wandered through the near East, and he played the zither and the fool all over Europe, to the great scandal of his court. His second daughter inherited his eccentricity and charm, together with an intellectual brilliance and love of study that she certainly didn't get from old Max. She spoke eight or ten languages. Her riding was never spoken of by General Middleton, her English friend, except in lyrical terms. Her beauty had in it something strange and elfin.

Anyway, young Francis Joseph no sooner saw her than he refused point blank to marry Helen. Elizabeth married him instead.

WHETHER she first met him in the guise of a dressmaker, as *The King Steps Out* suggests, I doubt. Nor is it likely that a girl of sixteen was able to spend a night merry-making with the young Emperor at a fair. But I suppose all this is cinematic license, and hardly matters provided Grace Moore has a decent part, and audiences are amused. I wasn't, very. I couldn't help thinking, in the midst of all the skittishness, of the slow breaking of the girl's heart that followed—neglect by a stupid husband, misunderstanding by the stiffest court in Europe, her retreat into lonely reading and contemplation, the loss of her son in the tragedy at Mayerling, and the end, probably welcome, at the hands of an assassin.

But perhaps I have no sense of humour.

News of Noel Coward

Photograph by Norman Parkinson

A fortnight ago Noel Coward sailed for America, and a fortnight ahead his *To-night at 8.30* season opens in Boston. He has taken his whole company over for three months to give the nine pieces in his short-play repertoire, and Mrs. Calthrop has gone to attend to the dresses and setting as she did in London. The show gets to New York about November 24th. Noel Coward's last two jobs before he left London were to produce *Mademoiselle* at Wyndham's, and to pass the final typescript drafts of his 100,000-word autobiography. It's due out early next year, with newspaper serialisation probably preceding the book

Leonide Massine stands in the shady courtyard of his house on the Mediterranean island where he spends his holiday every year

Massine and his wife, Eugenie Dela[from the mainland with a boatload [Massine still dressed for mainland instead

Massine'

Above : a sea view of the island, with Massine's white house to the left, and a ruined Saracen tower standing high on the right

On the left, a corner of the house, gleaming white in the noon sun. It is entirely modern, spacious and cool, with wonderful views across to the mainland

et off
isions,
id life

Here is the guardian of the island, with his gun and his huge bunch of keys; he looks far more Eastern than European. For eleven months of the year he leads a solitary life on the island, with only occasional provisioning trips to the mainland to break its monotony

There is a beacon on the island, set up by the Government and looked after by "the guardian" except when the owner of the island attends to the job

Island Holiday

One Month's Peace in Mediterranean Sunshine

ought Le Galli, his island in the Mediterranean,
s ago, and spends three or four weeks there
mmer, bathing and lying in the sun—his only
n an incredibly hard-working year. The island
row from Positano, a small village near Amalfi,
is a small motor-boat for food-fetching expe-
This year Massine and his wife (Eugenie
) went south via Salzburg a week before
of the de Basil season at Covent Garden,
yed at Le Galli until they had to rejoin
pany for its Berlin opening on October 1st.
fortnight there they set sail for America
winter season — two weeks in New York
r or five months touring the States. All
Massine will be dancing, acting as maître
t, and working on his new ballets for
r, including possibly a Beethoven symphony

Left: Massine and Delarova (right) on their way back from their yearly pilgrimage to the grave of Massine's father; he is buried on a hill above Positano, the mainland village

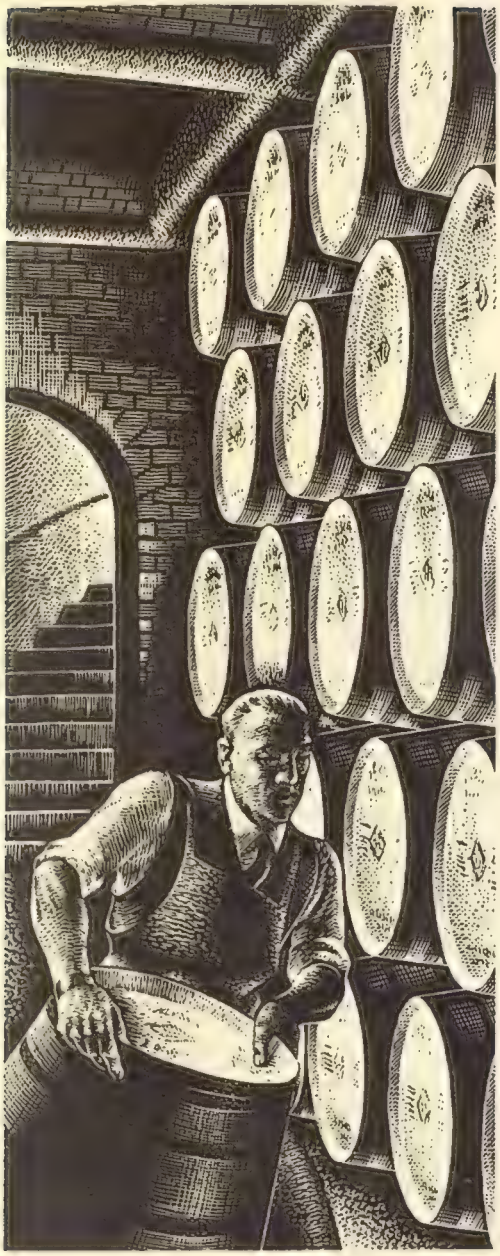
Right: a Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday picture of Massine and "the guardian" out shooting. There are plenty of birds to shoot for the pot, including quail

Photographs by Anthony

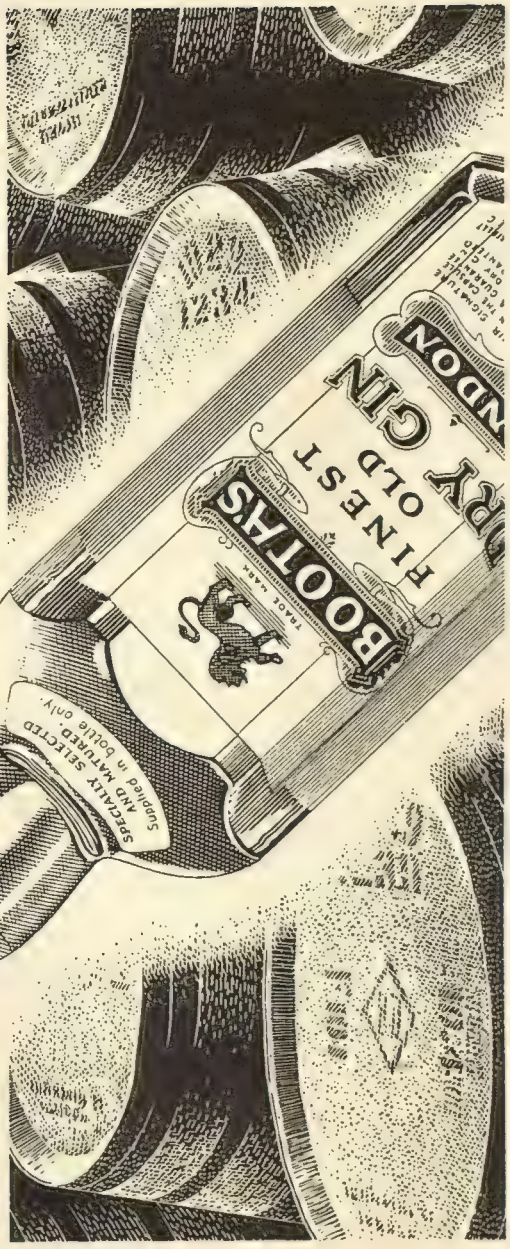
Patricia Bowman

An American Dancer at the Palladium

Patricia Bowman only has half an opportunity at the Palladium of showing how good a dancer she is. In *O-Kay for Sound* her chief appearance is in a ballet-scene called *An Episode of Don Juan*, to Mozart music, and within its attractive but limited scope she dances beautifully. She is actually one of America's leading ballet dancers, and has been highly praised there by Fokine. She appeared with the Fokine Ballet at the opening of the floating stage at Jones Beach on Long Island last summer, dancing in *Sylphides* and a Blue Danube solo; has been première danseuse of the permanent ballet company at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, and also première danseuse with the Ziegfeld Follies during the 1934 season



It takes time to bring gin to the perfection that is Booth's



BOOTH'S

The ONE *Matured* GIN

FOR LONG years before it reaches its great and constant public, Booth's Old Matured Gin has slept in the cool silent peace of age-old casks, gaining a characteristic richness, mellowness and pale tint of amber — the emblem of maturity. Be firm, ask for Booth's by name and "see" that you get it.

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE GOLD SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED, LONDON, E.C

Two Napoleons

The Exile of "St. Helena" in New York and London

Norman Parkinson

Vandamm Studios, New York

Above: Maurice Evans as the Emperor, New York version

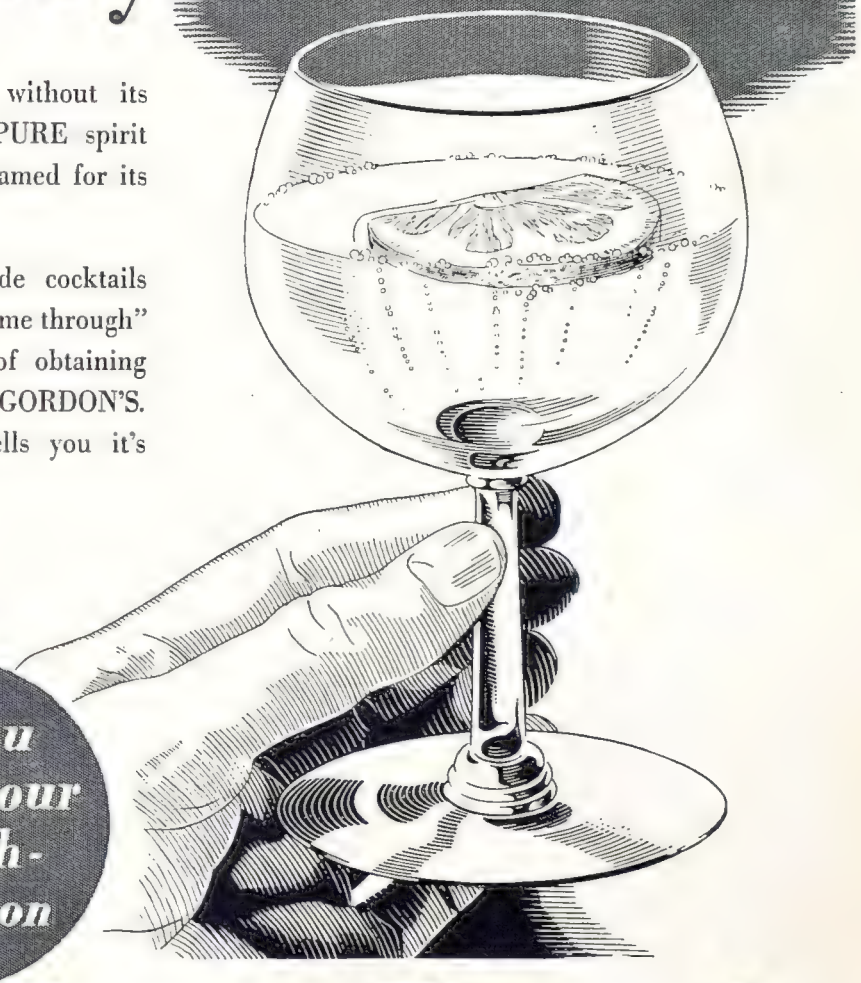
Right: Keneth Kent as the London version of Napoleon

St. Helena is the brilliant play about Napoleon's last days by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis, which Miss Lilian Baylis broke Old Vic tradition to launch. After transferring for a successful run at Daly's, it has crossed the Atlantic to delight New York, where it opened at the end of last month. Keneth Kent, who will next appear to London as Beethoven in *Muted Strings*, due at the end of November, created the part of Napoleon here: Maurice Evans (the Dauphin of Katharine Cornell's *St. Joan*) plays it in New York. Without making odious comparisons, the two Emperors seem to have a difference of opinion about the Hitler hair-lock

Unlike other spirits Gin is essentially colourless

GORDON'S is a highly *refined* Gin; without its transparency it would not be the same PURE spirit which for well over 160 years has been famed for its health-giving properties.

The purity of Gordon's Gin has made cocktails famous because there are no impurities to "come through" and spoil your enjoyment. Make sure of obtaining *Pure* and *Genuine* Gin, by demanding GORDON'S. The "Lancet" report on every bottle tells you it's *Genuine* Gin, containing no impurities.



If you value your health- insist on

Gordon's Gin *Clearly Superior*

Made as Gin always has been made since the days of our forefathers

GENUINE GIN—NOT A 'SPOT' OF COLOURING MATTER

Portrait of ZaSu Pitts

Gitano's composite cartoon has caught the typical ZaSu Pitts expression of wide-eyed surprise under domestic adversity that makes you roar with laughter. This feminine Eddie Cantor started as a tragedienne, making her name in von Stroheim's *Greed*, but film tragedy didn't give her enough employment so she went over to comedy, setting off Charles Laughton's humour to perfection in *Ruggles* and creating *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. She's a free-lance actress, now under short-term contract to M.-G.-M. for two pictures, *White Dragon*, with Elissa Landi and Edmund Lowe (just completed), and *Pish*, with Edna May Oliver. She is thirty-eight, is married to the tennis player Edward Woodall and has two children

Fashion as it flies . . .

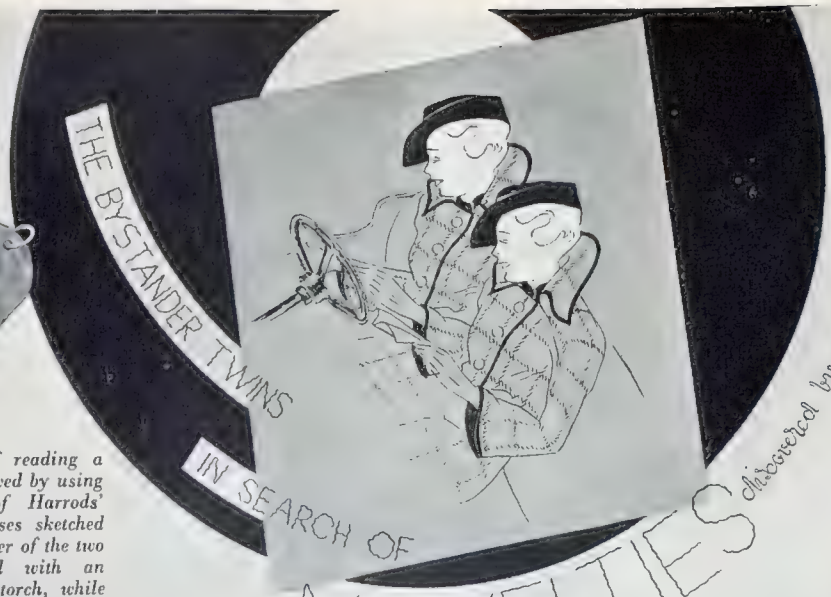
by Elizabeth

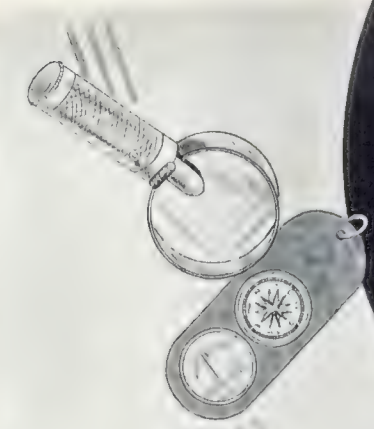
There is nothing warmer for motoring than a fur coat, as it keeps out every wind, however cutting it may be. This year, there is a definite vogue for flat furs which lend themselves to tailored styles, and wear exceptionally well. A straightforward swagger coat with becoming collar and full sleeves is seen on the right. It is designed by the National Fur Company, 191-195, Brompton Road, and carried out in grey Indian lamb. This firm is showing an extensive collection of luxurious mink coats, and other fur wraps; they will send their illustrated catalogue entitled *A Winter's Tale*, gratis and post free on request. Many of the new models are three-quarter length, either loose or fitted at the waist with square built-up shoulders and a flared skirt. Others are full-length redingotes with roll collars

Another Pair Of Shoes

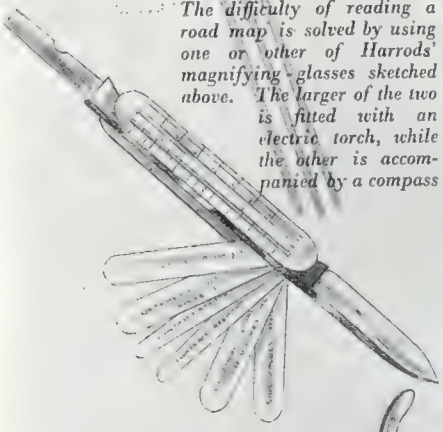
Shoes are the most important of all accessories, and will make or mar a smart outfit. The group pictured above have crossed the Atlantic, and may be seen at Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street. Starting from the left is a light calf monk shoe with slit punching, a square toe, and moderate heel. Next to it is a court shoe available in calf or suède, and fitted inside with special rubber supports. Beyond is the "Hiker" three-strap shoe, in tan calf, elaborately punched. The low heel and round toe make it delightfully comfortable for walking, while the price is 49s. 6d. Finally, there is the simple tie shoe for town wear on the right, with crocodile tip and counter. It is made in calf, glacé or suède. The trio below are Continental, and slightly more rugged in appearance. On the left is a smart shoe for spectator sports in nigger-brown calf with a round toe and built-up leather heel. Suède and calf share honours in the centre pair which together with the Gillie shoes on the right only cost 25s. 9d. Both are ideal for rough walking and sportswear in general

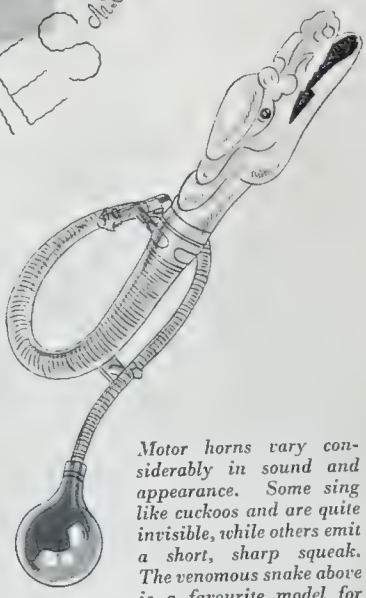
Lenare


THE BYSTANDER TWINS
IN SEARCH OF
NOVELTIES
discovered by pete; pictured by pam.



The difficulty of reading a road map is solved by using one or other of Harrods' magnifying-glasses sketched above. The larger of the two is fitted with an electric torch, while the other is accompanied by a compass

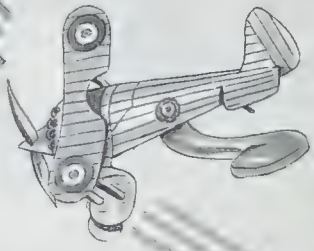




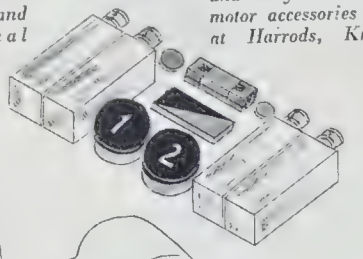
Motor horns vary considerably in sound and appearance. Some sing like cuckoos and are quite invisible, while others emit a short, sharp squeak. The venomous snake above is a favourite model for sporting cars; it comes from Harrods, and booms in a contralto voice

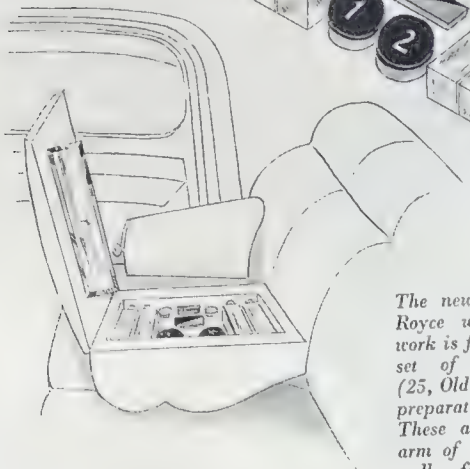
This special motoring knife in Sheffield steel may be seen at Clements', 125, Regent Street. It is fitted with a stout blade, complete set of feeler gauges, screw-driver, and magneto-point file; also an inch and metre rule

Every motorist should possess one of the new charm key-rings with a medallion of St. Christopher at one end and a horseshoe for luck at the other. They only cost 3s. 6d. at Clements', and are very practical

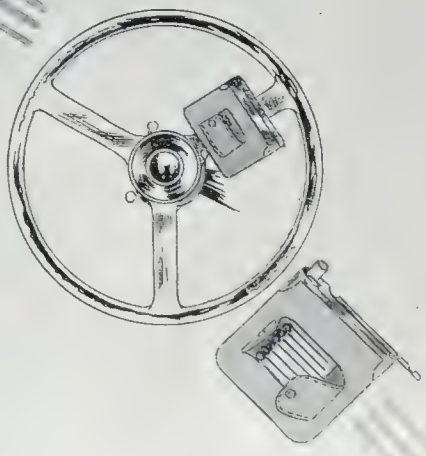


Sketched above is a chromium model of the Bristol "Bulldog" fighting 'plane, a lucky mascot for motorists who also enjoy flying. It costs 55s., and may be seen in the motor accessories department at Harrods, Knightsbridge





The new 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce with Hooper coach-work is fitted with a complete set of Elizabeth Arden's (25, Old Bond Street) beauty preparations, sketched above. These are concealed in the arm of the back seat, which pulls forward and opens, showing an adjustable mirror



A practical cigarette-case for fixing on the steering-wheel of a car is pictured above. It slides into a Morocco case with space for matches, and only costs 6s. 9d. at Harrods. The contents are released automatically one at a time, by a spring

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Orthodoxy and Individuality

THIS Rugby football season, it seems to me, is treating the pessimist rather unkindly. Although these are early days, the football we have seen so far has been of an exceptionally high standard. Perhaps I have been lucky, but I am not basing these reflections on my own opinion. Everywhere I go competent observers say the same thing, and it is very pleasing to believe that the game really is on an upward trend.

I find it difficult to understand why there should be such an improvement, unless it is that the New Zealanders last year woke us from the apathy which had damped down the fires of the game for some seasons. Possibly we are simply watching the normal swing of the pendulum; but whatever explanation is put forward, the satisfactory thing is that the pendulum now is moving upwards.

I HAVE watched four clubs this year—Blackheath, Richmond, Birkenhead Park and the London Welsh, all of whom have brought thought and design to their tactics.

It appears to me that this improvement is largely due to the emergence of personalities; for all these clubs have outstanding players whose influence is unmistakable.

This question of personality in Rugby football is interesting. Look, for example, at the way Cliff Jones and Wooller are inspiring Cardiff this season. By all accounts the recent match between Cardiff and Newport was a cracker; and Jones began it with one of those extraordinary snipe-like runs of his which ended in a try. To have such a player in a team must be a great stimulus. And nowadays most clubs seem to possess their driving personalities.

There are those, of course, who say that Cliff Jones is not the best stand-off half in Wales. These critics prefer W. T. H. Davies, a beautiful player and far more orthodox. Jones, they maintain, is too individualistic; and here we touch upon a controversy which has always raged where stand-off halves are concerned.

I DARE say many of my readers remember the argument which went on about the rival merits of T. Lawton, the Australian, and H. J. Kittermaster, when both of them were up at Oxford. Lawton was a remarkable player, unlike any stand-off half I have ever seen, and most dangerous in attack. But Kittermaster was a beautifully balanced runner, with the art of drawing his man and timing his passes perfectly. Centre three-quarters who had played behind both of them made no bones about it. They plumped for Kittermaster every time. But since he simplified their job so much, perhaps it is not surprising.

All things being equal, I should myself prefer the really good orthodox player to the individualist. But this does not mean that I should necessarily pick Davies instead of Jones. To leave Jones out of a side would be a waste of genius; and it is when the individualist has this touch of attacking genius that he makes his place secure.

TALKING of this instinct for attack, incidentally, I am glad to hear that Obolensky has started the season in such grand form. Some people seem to think that Obolensky is merely an exceptionally gifted runner; but I believe that he will prove himself during the coming months to be a natural footballer into the bargain.

It is possible that when the Varsity match comes along, Obolensky will be opposite J. A. Macdonald, the Blackheath wing, who seems certain to make his way into the Cambridge side. This would be an uncommonly interesting battle—a case of diamond-cut-diamond; for Macdonald this year seems to be running with some of the authentic Obolensky elusiveness.

A Rugger Duel: Obolensky v. Jones

Prince Alexander Obolensky (striped jersey) made a lot of the running for Rosslyn Park when they beat Old Blues 11—3 at the Old Deer Park. Two of the tries were his, and his opposite number, R. A. Jones, had his work cut out to mark him, as well as being efficiently bottled-up in turn by the Oxford and England star wing three-quarter, now opening his first metropolitan season. The Old Blues never succeeded in crossing the Park line—their points came from a penalty goal

Unorthodox Tackle by Obolensky

Almost Orthodox

ANOTHER player who has caught the eye is Roy Leyland, now playing for Richmond, and playing very well. There are moments when Leyland appears to be the most dangerous attacking centre in England, with that extraordinary jinking run of his and that gift of acceleration which carries him through an opening in a flash. His finishing, however, is less satisfactory than his beginning, though this may be because the Richmond outsides have not yet learned to anticipate his very unexpected movements.

It was here that his combination with Heaton was so effective. For, when these two were playing regularly together, one would never break away without knowing that the other was backing him up and ready to take the final scoring pass.

Richmond, by the way, are settling down into a really dangerous, bustling side; and I think that they will take a lot of beating. It is a considerable achievement to begin the season with victories over Northampton, Bedford, and the London Welsh; and Richmond's triumphs are based upon sturdy scrummaging and intelligent opportunism. Possibly their scrummaging could be improved, for when I saw them last the ball was inclined to stick in the set scrummages. But they made up for that in the loose, where their forwards were unusually lively.

I should imagine that E. A. Styles, if he maintains his present form, will go somewhere near an International cap this year.

THIS scrummaging business, I know, is an obsession with me. But I must admit that it was pleasing to know how large a part forwards played in victories achieved the other day by Northampton, Plymouth Albion, and Gloucester in particular.

Gloucester, indeed, seem to be winning matches entirely through their forwards, with A. Carpenter, that remarkable veteran, hooking for them extraordinarily skilfully.

It was scrummaging, too, which enabled Plymouth Albion to over-run a Blackheath team which should have been well together and full of confidence. Perhaps we are justified in thinking that the forward is at last coming into his own again.

CERTAINLY he is coming into his own with the Gidea Park Rugby Football Club. For I was most interested to hear from the honorary treasurer how seriously they take their training at Gidea Park. They have bought, he tells me, a pair of enormous volute coil springs, which were part of the chassis of a four-ton steam wagon; and against these springs the Gidea Park forwards are made to shove their full weight twice weekly. This enthusiasm strikes me as most commendable, and I have no doubt whatever that a scrummaging machine of this kind should be very useful for training purposes.

I take this information from Gidea Park, anyway, as one more piece of evidence that Rugger is on the up-grade.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

American Leviathan: By Alan Thomas

THERE should be some sort of salute invented—the firing, for example, of twenty-one publishers' agents—in honour of the latest literary Leviathan which has just arrived in British waters. This great vessel is named *Gone With the Wind*. The builder is Miss Margaret Mitchell. The contractors are Macmillan and Co., Ltd. The total displacement is 400,000 words, and a passage can be booked for the astonishingly moderate sum of 10*s*. 6*d*. We are told, moreover, that when she was in full rig on the other side of the Atlantic this remarkable ship could boast of 400,000 sales! What canvass she will be able to put on over here remains to be seen.

But to be serious. Here is a book that offers complete and prolonged distraction from the times in which we live. Its period is that of the American Civil War and the scene is laid in Georgia before, during, and after General Sherman's famous march through that troubled State from Atlanta to the sea. The central figure of the story is a mercurial young lady named Scarlett O'Hara, who begins by being knee-deep with men, loved two of them without understanding either, and being defeated, raised her chin, promising herself that she will find a way. "There had never been a man she couldn't get, once she set her mind upon him."

The book is not brilliantly written, but it is the reverse of heavy reading. Once you start it you want to go on, and if you can forget its length you will find that you have read it much more quickly than you expected. Easily the best scenes are those which tell of the fighting.

Margaret Mitchell

Here is the authoress of the longest best-seller on record. "Gone With the Wind," reviewed this week, has been published in England about a fortnight, and must already have sold by the thousand—judging from the copies one sees in every house and under every arm

THE title of Miss Irene Rathbone's new novel, *They Call It Peace* (Dent; 9*s*.), is of Tacitean origin: they make a wilderness and call it peace. And the wilderness in this case is the modern world. The book is a panorama stretching from the safe pre-war days of 1914 to the present quagmire. Miss Rathbone traces the fortunes of various families in different strata of society. From whatever heights they each of them started, they go steadily down, down, down. The rich are ruined and their houses sold up: the gentility are driven to "making do" on next to nothing: the poor are starved and overcrowded in rooms whose walls are alive with "moving brown things"; suicide is often the only means of escape. Everything, in fact, from love to politics, turns to dust and ashes. And all that awaits us is "slaughter on a scale beyond the dreams of the men who lived through the Somme and Passchendaele."

The cause of the trouble, it seems, is the Bankers, International Finance, the "nest of credit-vampires at Basle." At intervals throughout the book, we are treated to burning little lectures on the wickedness of the bankers (Miss Rathbone must feel the same way about things as a friend of mine who has taught his dog to bark whenever the word "bankers" is mentioned). And so the hope of the world is Social Credit—not Fascism, or Communism, or Socialism, or Democracy, but Social Credit. Up the Green Shirts!

It is a long book—over 600 pages—and one of many facets. If Miss Rathbone has piled on the agony she has also been wonderfully successful in catching the atmosphere and tone of the different periods and social grades of which she writes. The picture of the younger generation—the kind who welcome a brush with the police in the wistful hope that it may start the revolution—is particularly well done. So also is the love-story of Joan and Paul, whose happiness together serves but to give them a taste of what might have been.

The publishers describe the novel as "deeply satisfying." Those are the last words I should have used about it. Stimulating, if you like, or provoking, or challenging, or even shattering. But "deeply satisfying"—ye gods!

BYSTANDER readers need no introduction to my ex-colleague, Mr. Gerard Fairlie, who used to put us wise on golf each week in these pages before Mr. J. S. F. Morrison took on the job. Mr. Fairlie, besides being an excellent sportsman, is a versatile and entertaining writer, and *Moral Holiday* (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is the latest addition to the list of novels he has written. It is a lively and lighthearted tale, though I didn't much believe in the plot. A Mayfair lovely persuades her rich admirer to take a party of socialites on his yacht for a pleasure cruise. The married guests are for the most part in love with the unmarried ones, and the unmarried with the married. The great idea of the cruise is to give them a chance to sort their passions out. In the process some of them get more than they bargained for, and the episode of the derelict yacht and its mad passenger is convincingly grisly. The whole is enlivened with the special brand of conversation which Mr. Fairlie writes so well—a diverting blend of badinage, persiflage, and back-chat.

I RECOMMEND, without reservation, Miss Anne Parrish's *Golden Wedding* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s*. 6*d*.). It is a moral, almost banal story—the disintegration of a man with the Midas touch, who begins as a penniless small-town American and ends as a millionaire. The price of his success is the estrangement of his wife and family. It has all been said many times before, but rarely with the authenticity and distinction that Miss Parrish gives to this book. There are a host of characters, all etched in with precision, and set against a background of events in America during the last half-century. The book is long and Miss Parrish is an addict to the short, staccato sentence. But do not let this put you off: it is a taste that can be acquired.

THE hero of Mr. Thomas Burke's *Vagabond Minstrel* (Longmans; 7*s*. 6*d*.) was once flesh and blood. He was Thomas Dermody, a young Irish poet who, after a short and dissolute life, died in 1802. Was he an Irish Chatterton? Mr. Burke quotes some of his poems, but they show little more than a precocious and promising talent. Dermody at twelve was convinced he was a genius. Throughout his life he believed it and made others believe it also. He had a host of generous and long-suffering patrons whose money he squandered and whose names he vilified. The best excuse for his existence is that it has enabled Mr. Burke to write an absorbing novel in which the eighteenth-century atmosphere is as genuine as a piece of Georgian silver.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Royal Medal at St. Andrews

BEFORE driving himself into office, the captain-elect of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club this year indulged in a few practice shots on to the beach from the same spot from which Bobby Jones used to play his practice shots before his matches in the Amateur Championship of 1930. Some former captains, who, no doubt, remembered their own agonies before performing this ceremony, complained in a friendly way that Sir John Simon was taking an advantage of which they had not availed themselves, and in consequence hoped that he would produce a very mediocre tee shot. I think Sir John Simon was more courageous than many of his predecessors, as he did in public what I have little doubt they did in private.

THERE can be very few former captains who have not had some practice swings in private before they have attacked the serious business of driving themselves into office. Field-Marshal Earl Haig, before he drove himself into office, had swing after swing outside the tradesmen's entrance to the Royal and Ancient club-house, apparently thinking that he would not be seen; unfortunately for him, he forgot that he was in full view from the windows of the Grand Hotel and neighbouring houses, from which many enjoyed his performance.

AFTER his practice Sir John Simon gave a very good example on how to concentrate before he hit a fine tee shot which travelled about 200 yards and made the caddies turn round and run backwards to retrieve it instead of forwards, as is usually the case. Some of the numerous photographers and cinema men missed taking photographs of the captain presenting the caddie who had retrieved his ball with a golden sovereign, and asked him to repeat the ceremony; at the time Sir John Simon had his ball and the caddie his sovereign, and consequently it was necessary to exchange them before the photographs could be taken. It appeared from the club-house that there must be in existence photographs of Sir John Simon giving the caddie the ball and receiving a sovereign from the caddie for his trouble!

ON the day before the competition for the Royal Medal was played, Bernard Darwin wrote that probably the conditions would suit the long hitters and discourage the senile and stiff. This prophecy did not turn out to be quite correct, as the playing conditions were as easy as they possibly could be; it was a bright, warm day with hardly a breath of wind. Not a single hole was out of range of a drive and an iron for the really long players, and only the fifth and fourteenth out of range of two full shots for ordinary mortals. The greens were fast but not slippery, and the early and late starters played under the same weather conditions—a state of affairs which does not often happen at St. Andrews, where, on many occasions, some players have the wind behind both going out and coming home, while the unfortunate have to fight against it both ways.

UNDER the existing circumstances, it was not very surprising to see the Royal Medal, the prize for the best scratch score, won with a 71—a record for any competition of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—and the Silver Boomerang (the handicap prize) with a 70—the lowest score with the exception of 1933, when Dr. J. Lawson could not keep the ball out of the hole and returned the ridiculous net score of 66.

It was L. G. Crawley who returned the record score of 71 to win the Royal or King William the Fourth Medal, and he might so easily have been very considerably better as he had a far from promising start with three fives in the first five holes, and required fours at the two short holes on the greens of which he took three putts.

The Silver Boomerang was won by J. I. Paton, whose allowance of 16 strokes some considered extremely generous. It actually proved just adequate, as his score of 70 only won by a single shot from Bernard Darwin and Captain S. B. G. Simmons.

I THINK everyone, including the player himself, was delighted to see Darwin play a really good round. Darwin, who, if I am not greatly mistaken, considers himself one of the "senile and stiff," has lately been to Bath and has consequently played little golf. He arrived at St. Andrews saying that he did not expect to hit a shot, but full of enthusiasm with some new clubs, the shafts of which, like most new shafts, were reputed to hit the ball further. Like the good American golfers, he spent the morning practising with a large number of balls on the New Course and this no doubt eased the "stiff" but cannot possibly have done the "senile" much good. Refreshed by lunch, he made a most unpromising start by hitting his first tee shot smartly on the head, with the result that the ball only went about 70 yards and came to rest well short of the road; but from here on we saw the Darwin of our Walker Cup team of 1922, the Darwin who slew the last American in the Amateur Championship of 1921 at Hoylake.

To encourage those who think that, because they are getting older they are becoming worse golfers, I will give the details of Darwin's card: 5, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4, 4, 2, 3=35; home, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4, 4, 6, 4=39: total 74. From this card you can see that after the first two holes, where he took fives instead of fours, his only error was at the frightening Road hole, where he took six.

THE Gold Medal, the second scratch prize, was won by C. J. H. Tolley after a tie with D. H. Kyle. I do not think that I have ever seen Tolley hitting the golf ball better or with greater ease than he was at St. Andrews last September. In the replay Tolley won with a score of 75 against 76.

Many people will argue that Kyle lost the replay by taking four shots in the End hole bunker, but my own view is that if it had been necessary Tolley could have improved his score. He certainly was playing with the utmost ease and confidence, and when he was in a winning position took no risks and relied on "safety first" tactics rather than spectacular shots. He made no effort to get a four at the seventeenth hole, when a five would make him—bar a miracle—a certain winner. Kyle was very unfortunate to return a score which, before this day, equalled the medal record of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and yet win nothing.

The County Cricketers' Golfing Society Meeting at Camberley Heath

P. G. H. Fender (Surrey) with Denis Russell (Middlesex), the winner of the captain's prize. Playing from 18, he returned a score of 70

N. Haig and H. F. Bagnall at Camberley Heath. The Calthorpe scratch trophy was won by B. H. Valentine (Kent) with 76

M. H. Garland-Wells and F. R. Brown. Garland-Wells, the Surrey cricketer, tied for third best score with A. R. Tanner, both returning 75

Instincts of a Gentleman...

THE man who has made money quickly is often uneducated in the matter of clothes, and continues to wear machine-made suits, thinking perhaps that it is not worth paying fourteen guineas for a difference which is not to him very apparent.

He is unable to differentiate between the real and the imitation. For in clothes, most things can be imitated: an unusual design which has caught on amongst the first class West End tailors will appear, after an interval, in the less expensive tailoring shops, a plausible imitation in a cheap cloth. To the uninitiated it will look much the same: only the man of taste will discover that the material is coarser, the dye less perfect; and only time (quite a short time) will show that the cloth will wear less well.

The cheap firms can also imitate the innovations which slowly penetrate into the first class houses: as for instance, the adoption of "Lightning" fasteners in place of buttons for trousers—striving after the clean, artistic line which is the merit of these slide fasteners.

Style is the one thing which the cheap firms cannot copy, for style can only be attained by hand sewing—and that is so expensive that it is beyond the reach of all save those firms who charge ten guineas or more for their suits.

And this style, though it may not be recognised by the man who has made money quickly, is the accepted insignia of the gentleman of taste. Lounge suits from fourteen to eleven guineas, Hunt coats twelve guineas, Dress suits from nineteen to seventeen guineas.

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Some of the Long Handicap Players at Roehampton

Mrs. Nigel Watson and Miss M. C. Clarke defeated Miss Joan Raphael and Miss V. Hoare in the third round at Roehampton. They were beaten by a semi-finalist couple, Mrs. Morrice and Mrs. Sanderson, in the fourth round

A second-round match between Mrs. MacTurner and Miss B. Hollingsworth, and Mrs. R. T. Fuller and Mrs. Reading, was won by the former couple; they survived to the fourth round, when Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Nielson beat them

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes *(Continued from page 55)*

opponents, beat Miss Howard and Sheila Stroyan; Mrs. Hunt and Miss Lamplough were too steady for Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Bardsley; so were Mrs. Arnell and Miss McLintock (they were out in 34) for Mrs. Newton and Miss Doran, and Mrs. Burns and Miss Munn for Miss Dorothy Pearson and her mother. Only one match came to the last green, and there Mrs. Heppel hit the pin and so stayed on it instead of going right over, with a consequent win for herself and Miss Isobel Walker from Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart. Mrs. Heppel's side seemed to like long matches; in the afternoon, after being 4 down at the eighth to Mrs. Arnell and Miss McLintock they pulled it all back and were dormy one, only to lose at the twentieth. Mrs. Burns and Miss Munn came through, their effort being to take fifteen holes in level fours, quite regardless of having a joint handicap of 18! and so did Miss Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Provan.

And there I must leave them, for you must hear of Roehampton's Thursday, and press day is inexorable. None of the remaining eight players have ever reached the Bystander prize list before, and that in itself makes for good fun.

Prophecy was dashed at Roehampton, and the finalists there were Mrs. Drysdale—well known in Kent and L.G.U. executive circles, and Mrs. Cunningham against Mrs. Hyman and Mrs. Salmon, who come from Hendon and are the perfect pair of good short game and big hitting. Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and Mrs. Sanderson, who has turned some lessons to rare account, kept up the impression that they would win for a long time on Thursday, once they had wiped off an early deficit to Miss Harwood and Miss Stanley to whom they gave one stroke in the morning. In the afternoon, too, they turned 2 up and though they lost the next four holes, they were square again after Mrs. Morrice had put an excellent tee shot home at the seventeenth. But they lost the eighteenth, and so Mrs. Salmon and Mrs. Hyman, who had won from Mrs. Reid and Miss Nielson in the morning, were left to fight out the final. There was a wonderful morning match in which Mrs. Ingram and Miss Chambers could only win at the twentieth with a spoon shot dead there after turning three up on Mrs. Sharples and Mrs. Learoyd Hine, but they were not quite strong enough for Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Drysdale, any more than Mrs. Cumberlege and Miss Payne had been in the morning.

The day ended with a delightful cocktail-party at the Forum Club, when everybody had an extremely pleasant opportunity to talk about the day's play. Champions were to be found in every corner—Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Doris Chambers—and the Forum's hospitality needs no recounting—it is far too well known.

Yours ever,
Eleanor E. Helme.

Mrs. B. M. Spowers and Mrs. J. Winser were beaten in the second round by Miss D. Sanderson and Mrs. P. K. Haworth

Miss Carmen Cory and Miss M. L. McLintock were beaten in the second round at Roehampton on the Tuesday

Mrs. Mewburn Brown and Miss Greenwood played Mrs. de Haviland Hall and Mrs. Reid in the second round and beat them

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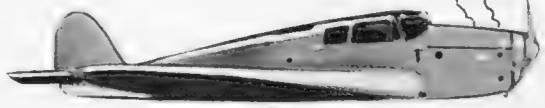

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"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

What to See at Olympia

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE can be very few exhibitions more difficult to view in an intelligent spirit than the Olympia Motor Show. It is manifestly impossible to make a close study of every exhibit. On the other hand, there are very few stands which can safely be passed over as being of inferior interest.

Some people solve the problem by going to Olympia with one fixed object in view. Their intention is to buy—let us say—a 12 h.p. car, and they therefore examine a dozen 12 h.p. cars on a dozen different stands. They then go home without confusing the issue by studying anything else.

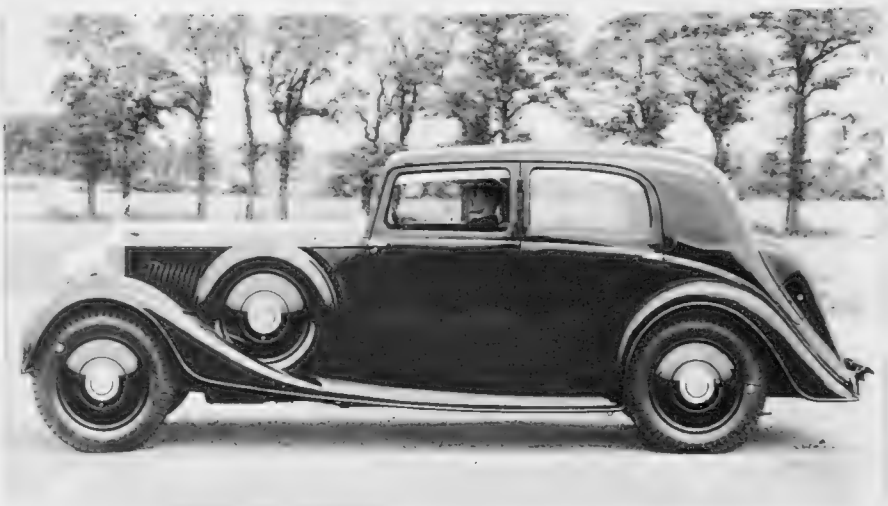
Others have a more complicated objective, which is to see all the cars, coachwork styles and accessories which are really of significance, and which represent some genuine advance in motor engineering. It is in this endeavour that it becomes so difficult to know where to begin and where to leave off.

In the following pages I am, quite frankly, attempting only to indicate a few of the items which certainly ought not to be omitted from any comprehensive tour of the Exhibition. There are certain firms which, every year, produce something which is excellent of its sort, whether it is a super-refined fuel, a chassis of outstanding efficiency, a car which offers rare value for money, a body of uncommon luxury or anything else appertaining to motoring. It is with the products of such firms—or as many of them as possible—that I propose to deal.

LOOKING first at those stands on which complete cars are displayed, it is impossible not to be drawn towards the Rolls-Royce exhibit—even though, for many of us Rolls-Royce ownership may be out of the question. In particular, the big 12-cylinder "Phantom III" model may be taken as a superb example both of luxury and of mechanical refinement.

The engine is rated at 51 h.p., with its cylinders arranged in two banks of six. The chassis is rather more compact than that of the former "Phantom II," although it permits of at least equally generous body-space. The front wheels are sprung independently so as to give the maximum riding comfort. The equipment throughout is most lavish, and the chassis price has been fixed at £1900.

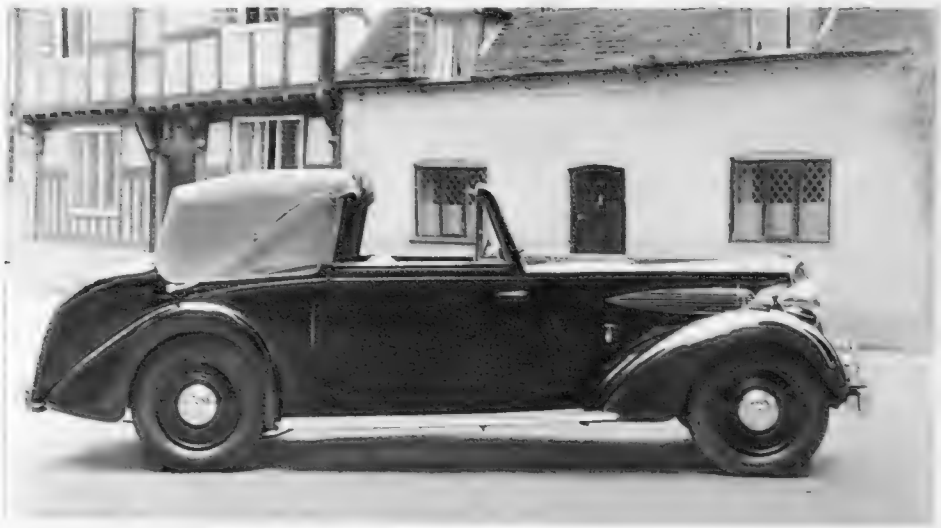
This year there are two smaller Rolls-Royce cars, both having six-cylinder engines. The larger is rated at 30 h.p. and the smaller at 26 h.p. Both are capable of taking seven-seater coachwork of the most luxurious type, and the chassis prices are £1100 and £1050 respectively.



This 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce sports saloon has coachwork by Hooper including the modern features of sliding roof, built-in luggage container and single front seats

A smart machine from the Lagonda works: the 4½-litre drop-head coupé, very fast and a good road-holder; its lines uphold the best Lagonda tradition

Jack Barclay's own Bentley—a 4¼-litre: the coachwork is, of course, by Jack Barclay, and equipment includes wireless, chromium dashboard and luggage trunks



The 20-h.p. Standard Avon drophead coupé (£385) is one of the smartest 1937 models

A 2-litre four-door M.G. saloon: its price is £375 ex-works

The 1937 Humber Six: it continues the smooth tradition of "Evenkeel" front suspension

THE Bentley stand will be notable for displaying genuine sports cars, capable of speeds in the region of 100 m.p.h., which are at the same time exceptionally silent and smooth. It is a highly attractive combination of qualities—and one which was not thought of until the new Bentley appeared.

For 1937 the 3½-litre Bentley is being continued with only minor modifications. In addition, there is also a 4¼-litre car, likewise having an overhead-valve six-cylinder engine and a four-speed gear-box. This larger model is, of course, even more efficient as regards performance, notably in regard to acceleration. Prices for complete Bentley cars range from £1440.

WHEN we think of really fine and fast cars we cannot fail to consider the Lagonda, which may perhaps lay claim to be the fastest of standard British sports cars. The chassis has an engine of 4½-litre capacity, with a gear-box which may be controlled by a right-hand or a central lever according to preference.

At £1050 for the "Rapide" tourer, the Lagonda may also be reckoned decidedly good value. It is capable of a genuine 100 m.p.h., while being so flexible as to be very simple to control. The coachwork, moreover, is of more than ordinary comfort. Thus it is well worth the 1000 guineas that is asked for it.

TALKING of ease of control, we are reminded of the Armstrong-Siddeley, which was the car which first made use of the admirable pre-selective gear-box. All 1937 Armstrong-Siddeley models have this same gear-box, which gives utterly foolproof operation for all the four forward ratios. All have six-cylinder engines of efficient overhead-valve type

The smallest Armstrong-Siddeley is now of 14 h.p., and is priced at £320, either with the four-light or six-light saloon body. Then there is the 17-h.p model, which is sold with a choice of no fewer than six different styles of coachwork. For those who like a car of really generous dimensions, there is the 20-25 h.p. model, which is available in limousine or landaulette form. It will also be seen at Olympia with a new type of saloon body, having a folding glass partition behind the front seats, and moderately priced at £595.

ANOTHER car which can be driven with the bare minimum of effort is, of course, the Daimler. All Daimler chassis are fitted not only with the pre-selective gear-box, but also with that remarkable device known as the "fluid flywheel." The latter provides a means of moving the car at the merest crawling pace without any risk, even in top gear, of the engine being stalled.

All modern Daimlers have overhead-valve engines, and are uncommonly lively as regards performance. For those who are technically-minded, the overhead valve gear presents an interesting study. It runs perfectly silently, and yet the tappet clearances can be kept astonishingly wide.

THE Lanchester is another car of similar characteristics, having the fluid flywheel in conjunction with a

(Continued on page 92)

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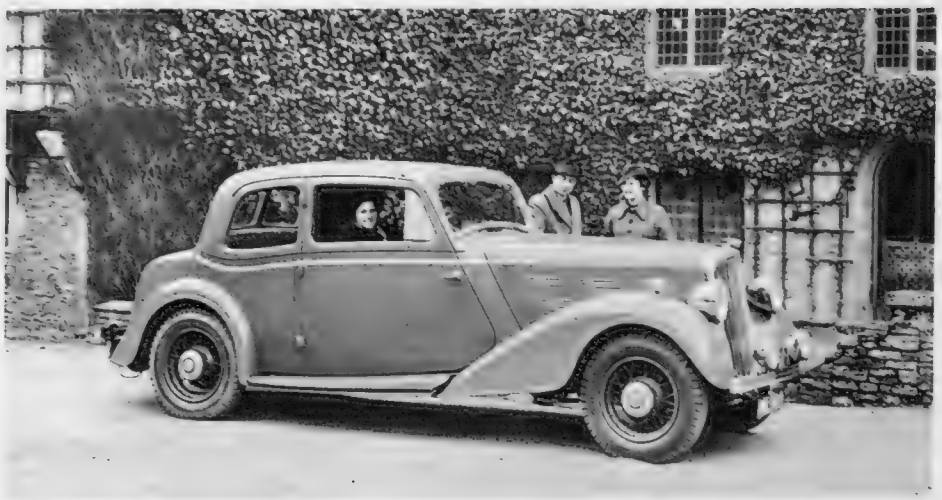
● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION *(Continued)*



The Morris "Big Six" coupé: a comfortable and reliable four/six-seater with plenty of power reserve. All 1937 Morris models over 8 h.p. are fitted with Jackall hydraulic jacking

Armstrong-Siddeley's new 17 h.p. "Atalanta" saloon is priced at £525

pre-selective gear-box. There is a small Lanchester, modestly priced, which offers a highly attractive combination of economy with this most luxurious system of control.

Good though the pre-selective gear-box is, we must not forget that many motorists have a preference for synchro-mesh—the form of gearing which, while perfectly foolproof to engage, does not demand that the driver should learn any sort of new technique. Practical recognition of this is to be seen on the Talbot stand, in the case of the new "105" model Talbot. This fine car may be fitted, as desired, either with a synchro-mesh or a pre-selective gear-box.

PRICE reductions will not be general at Olympia; but it is notable that all Talbot prices have been substantially reduced. The 10 h.p. Talbot should be more than ever attractive at £248, while the "75" saloon is now £60 cheaper at £425. The new "105" saloon costs £90 less, and the Sports tourer £65 less than the equivalent 1936 cars. The 3½-litre Talbot saloon model is reduced by no less than £130, and there is a clear £100 reduction in the case of the 24 h.p. limousine. These are very striking figures.

THE Humber stand is another which should certainly be visited. Here may be seen the latest "Snipe" and "Pullman" models, which are cars of real power and substantial size, having independent front springing. There is also an 18-h.p. Humber which should prove popular in the medium-powered class.

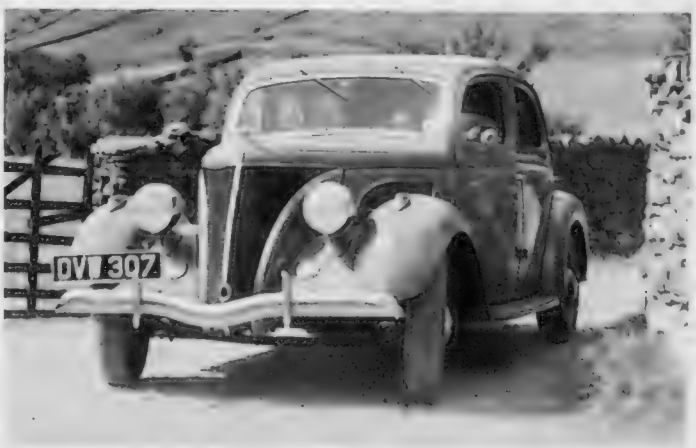
The smallest Humber is the "Twelve." This car, among other virtues, has a four-speed gear-box in which all the ratios are of the synchro-mesh type.

THE all-synchro-mesh gear-box is a feature also of that excellent small Hillman, the 10 h.p. "Minx." There will, in addition, be several larger models to be studied on the Hillman stand, in particular a seven-seater car which offers remarkable value for money. The present-day motorist is fortunate in that he need no longer pay a big price in order to possess a car of ample power and generous carrying capacity.

THE Vauxhall programme for 1937 is one of unusual interest. It includes an entirely new 25 h.p. car which will

(Continued on page 94)

This is the Talbot "105" Speed Model on Crowel Hill, Princes Risborough: its high performance has won it many awards



One of the new Ford V8s: it has the features typical of Ford traditions — ease of handling, good suspension and big power reserve

TALBOT

announce

ENTIRELY NEW PRICES FOR 1937

with precisely the same quality, greater distinction and unsurpassed reliability

10 H.P.

Sports Tourer -	£248
Sports Saloon -	£248
D/H Foursome Coupé	£278

"75"

Saloon - -	£425
Sports Saloon -	£435
D/H Foursome Coupé	£525

"105"

*Saloon - -	£495
*D/H Foursome Coupé	£595

"105 SPEED"

Sports Tourer -	£550
Airline Saloon-	£595
Sports Saloon -	£610

3½ LITRE

*Speed Tourer -	£675
*Speed Saloon -	£695
*D/H Foursome Coupé	£795

24 H.P.

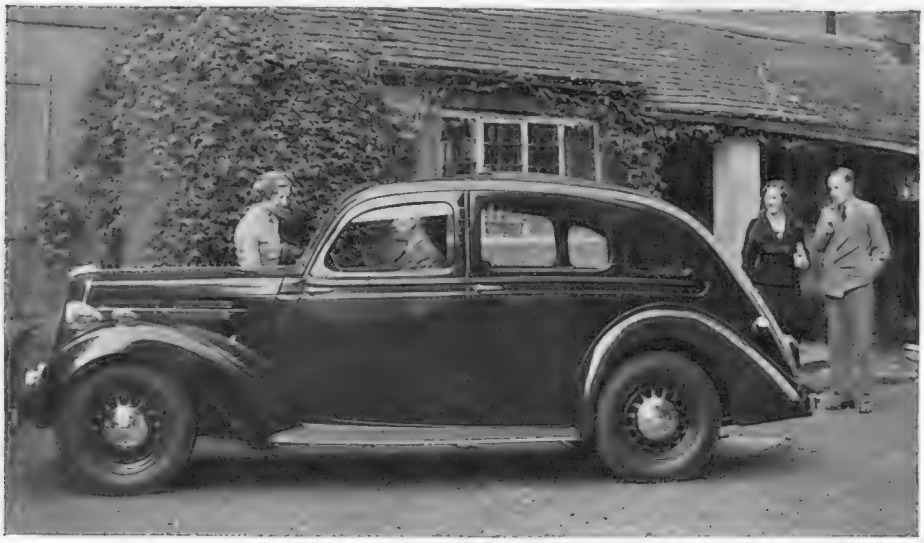
Limousine - -	£795

* Preselector Gear Box and Traffic Clutch an additional £25. May we send you our illustrated brochure?

Clement Talbot Limited, London, W.10, World Exporters: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

This is the Riley 1½-litre "Falcon" saloon, priced at £315



The Flying Standard "Fourteen": a useful family four/six-seater, whose equipment includes tables for rear seats and a telescopic steering column. It sells at £249

The Wolseley 25-h.p. "Sportsman's Saloon" combines the advantages of a big closed car with the performance of a sports model. All 1937 Wolseleys have overhead valves

have an impressive performance on the road. This latest Vauxhall, with independent front springing, will sell at the remarkably low figure of £298.

Independent suspension for the front wheels will, indeed, be a feature of all the 1937 Vauxhalls. There are two smaller models which will replace the former "Light Six." These are cars of 12 and 14 h.p., having efficient six-cylinder engines and four-speed gear-boxes. Prices are such as to bring these cars within the reach of almost every class of motorist. The 12 h.p. saloon costs only £195, while the de luxe touring saloon on the 14 h.p. chassis is listed at £220.

SOME very fine cars of moderate price will be shown on the Wolseley stand. The most recently announced is the 14 h.p. model, but there are others of varying power up to 25 h.p. All modern Wolseleys have overhead-valve engines and four-speed gear-boxes, so that their performance is of a high order. Hydraulic brakes and permanent hydraulic jacks are other attractive features.

The larger Wolseley models are cars of real luxury, of sufficient power and size to carry easily full seven-seater coachwork. These "Big Sixes" have attained great popularity in the short time since their introduction.

THE Morris stand will be almost a small Motor Show in itself, displaying cars of 8, 10, 12, 14, 18 and 25 h.p. There are also Morris models of 16 and 21 h.p.—so that the range of choice is quite exceptional. A recent and very excellent improvement is that all these cars are fitted with Triplex glass throughout, and are not merely equipped with "safety" windscreens. This applies even in the case of the 8 h.p. saloon, which sells at as low a price as £122 10s.

The 8, 10, and 12 h.p. cars have four-cylinder side-valve engines and three-speed gear-boxes. The newly-announced "14" is, however, a "Six," and so, of course, are all the larger models. It is impossible to give more than a few of the prices; but this 14-h.p. car is extremely good value at £225, while the 25-h.p. saloon is outstanding among big and comfortable cars at only £280. All the new Morrises are luxuriously equipped—every car above 8 h.p. being fitted with Jackall hydraulic jacks.

A WIDE variety of Standard cars will be on view at Olympia, and the new "Flying" Standard models are sure of attracting attention. Coachwork in all cases follows the "streamline" style, and chassis are of 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 20 h.p. Four-cylinder side-valve engines are employed, except for the 16 and 20 h.p. cars, which are "Sixes." Four-speed gear-boxes are fitted, with second, third and top as synchro-mesh ratios.

Even the smallest Standard — the "Nine"—has a truly remarkable road performance. This little car, which has a number of interesting features, sells in saloon form at £149. The 12-h.p. saloon de luxe is priced very modestly at £199, while the "Fourteen" at £249 and the "Twenty" at £299 may also be reckoned as decidedly good value.

THE Austin exhibit is always a very comprehensive one, and the 1937 Austin models will be found to cover an

(Continued on page 96)

For Motorists a New Day is Dawning

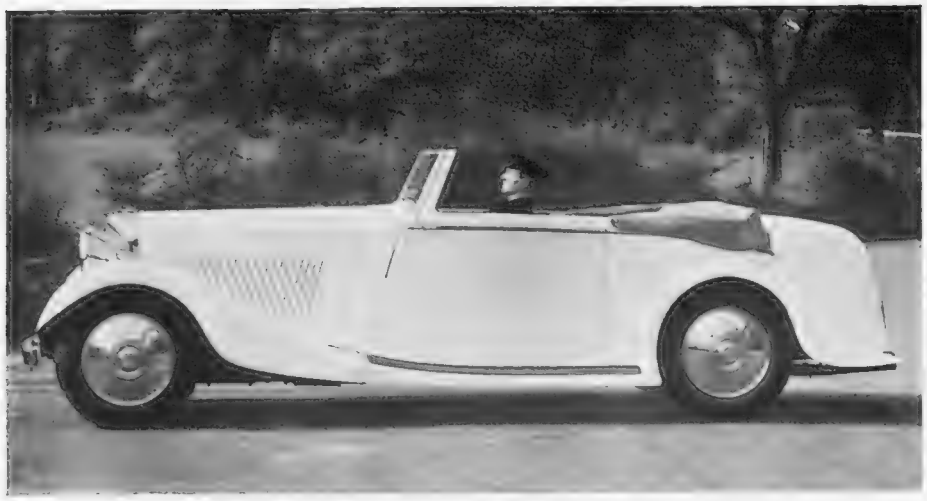
WOLSELEY *14/56 h.p.*

Motoring plays so essential a part in our lives that only a car that gives unfailing service of swift and effortless locomotion in perfect comfort is of practical use to-day. Such a car is the Wolseley 14/56 h.p. saloon. It seats five people with a generous allowance of head room, leg stretch and fresh air. But you would never suspect this from its beautifully balanced lines. It is powerful, fast and delightfully easy to drive. A short run will open up for you a new vista of motoring in the modern manner. It's so easy to arrange . . . you have a Wolseley Dealer. . . . why not telephone? . . .

The 14/56 h.p. Saloon is priced at £265. There is a 14/56 h.p. Salon de ville at £295. Other models range from the 10/40 h.p. Saloon at £220 to the 25 h.p. Limousine at £725. (Prices ex works.)

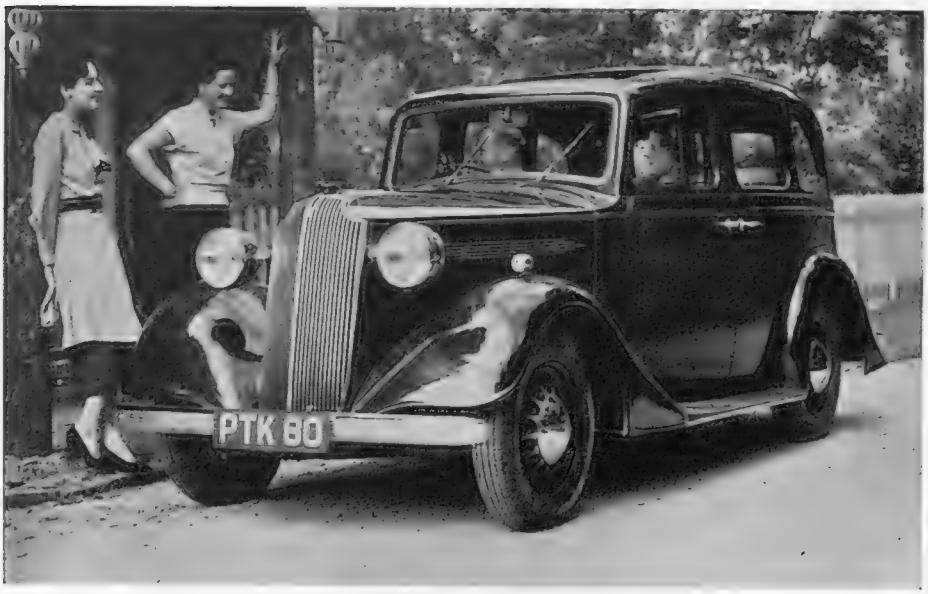
WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Limited Berkeley Street W.1.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd. Cowley, Oxford, England.

● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION *(Continued)*



Hooper four-seater coupé cabriolet, with built-in luggage container, on a 4½-litre Bentley chassis: the head is arranged to fold from the pillars — it looks very smart both ways

Hillman's "Minx Magnificent" for 1937: minor improvements have made this popular model smarter than ever and a useful feature is the all-synchromesh gear-box



The New Vauxhall "Fourteen," selling at £215, offers the purchaser a choice of a 12- or 14-h.p. engine. The Vauxhall Company have also produced an entirely new 25-h.p. model

uncommonly wide range of requirements. There are six-cylinder cars of 24, 18, and 16 h.p., with four-cylinder models of 12, 10, and 7.8 h.p. There are some valuable new chassis features, including a new type of clutch, and the new coachwork styles are more pleasing in appearance than before.

The Austin "Twenty" is designed to carry seven-seater coachwork, and costs £650 either as a limousine or a landaulette. There is an 18-h.p. model which is attractively priced at £298, and which can be fitted, for an extra £50, with the remarkable Hayes automatic gear-box. Among the smaller cars, there is a "Seven" saloon at only £118, and a 12-h.p. saloon which should be much in demand at £190.

INTERESTING and good-looking cars will be seen on the Riley stand, where an old favourite, the 9-h.p. "Monaco" model, will reappear in a new and attractive guise. All the Riley chassis have overhead-valve engines, with transmission consisting of a pre-selective gear-box and an automatic friction clutch. Coachwork for 1937 tends to be roomier and more luxurious than before.

Other Riley models are the 1½-litre and the 15-h.p. "Six." To complete the range, we have the newly-designed "V-8." This is the first eight-cylinder car which Messrs. Riley have produced, and it has deservedly attracted much attention.

FOR good looks, some of the Rover models are to be highly commended. This year the Rover Company have decided to concentrate on making detail improvements to existing models, rather than replace cars which are proving so generally satisfactory. The various improvements and refinements are, however, of real value to the prospective owner.

Rover cars have engines of high efficiency, and retain a form of transmission which has many adherents. A free-wheel is used in conjunction with a normal gear-box, and this gives absolutely foolproof gear-changing in addition to the ability to "coast" freely at any time.

THE S.S. exhibit deserves to be studied carefully, for the S.S. is a comparative newcomer in the sports-car field, and is already enjoying a striking degree of success. This is hardly surprising; for every car of this marque looks well, goes well, and is also—an important consideration—sold at a price which the ordinary person can afford to pay.

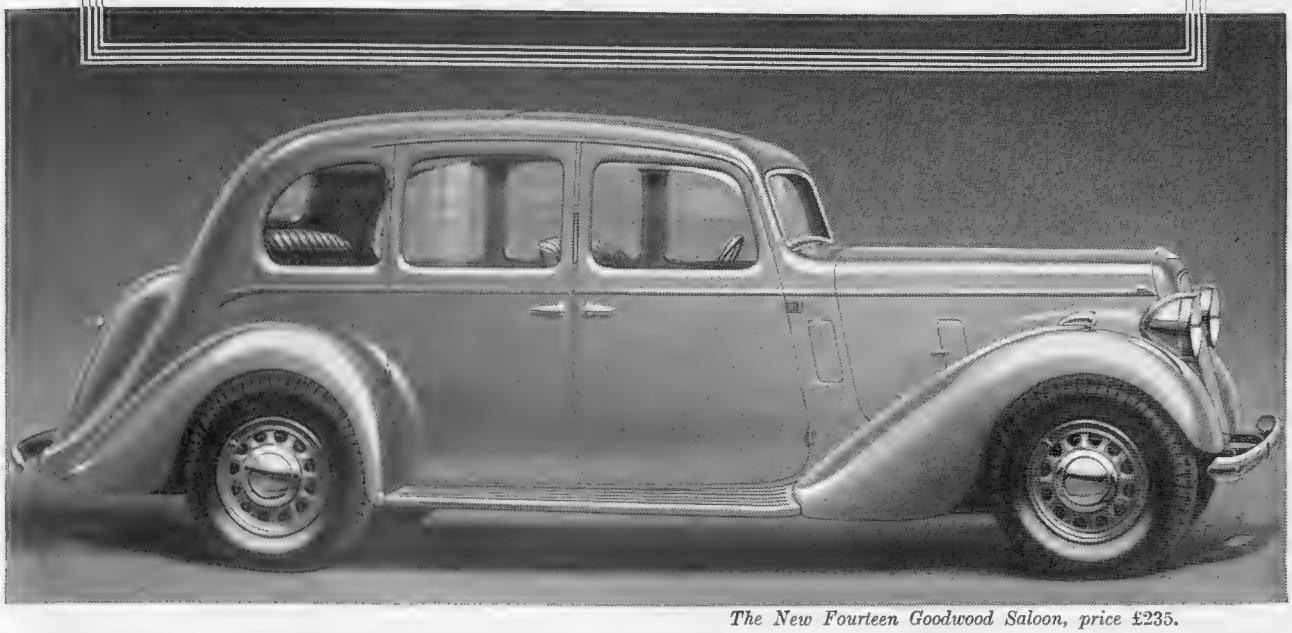
At Olympia we shall see the latest S.S. "Jaguar" models. The larger car lives well up to its sporting appearance, and has a genuinely impressive turn of speed. The smaller model is hardly less remarkable, when its limited engine size is taken into account.

TALKING of sports cars, it is certain that no sports car enthusiast will visit Olympia without looking to see what the M.G. Company is doing. The M.G. programme for 1937 is indeed an important one, involving a number of changes. The famous M.G. "Midget" becomes a size larger, while still remaining a two-seater. For those who like to combine speed with really luxurious accommodation, there is a 2-litre model of substantial size.

(*Continued on page* ii)

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

AUSTIN PRODUCES THE *Sound-Insulated* CAR



The New Fourteen Goodwood Saloon, price £235.

A sound-insulated car—a silent-bodied car—a car in which noise and 'drumming' have been reduced to a minimum . . . here is news for those about to invest! This important feature of the New Austin Ten Cambridge Saloon, Twelve New Ascot and New Fourteen Goodwood has been brought about by insulating the panels, roof and floor of the all-steel bodies so effectively that they run at speed *smoothly and silently*. Special material is inserted between the steel shell and upholstery, and between the carpet and steel floor, which deadens sound usually set up at speed.

But this is not the only important feature. In producing these new-style cars considerations of comfort, safety and practicality have not been overlooked. For instance, the swept tail is not only beautiful, but provides weatherproof protection for an enclosed suitcase and spare wheel. FOR GREATER SAFETY, there are new Girling-pattern brakes, smoothly applied on slight pedal pressure, while further pressure gives positive braking action free from any tendency to skid. FOR ADDED RIDING COMFORT, there are longer road-springs and low-pressure tyres; less vibration is obtained by the special engine mounting. FOR REFINEMENT OF CONTROL, there is improved steering (an adjustable steering wheel is provided on the Goodwood Fourteen) and a new flexible clutch with an exceptionally sweet engagement.

No range of cars has such an established reputation for dependability and lasting performance. Now see these stylish new Austins with sound-insulated bodies to appreciate how much more Austin offers you for the coming season!

PRICES *(at works)*

TEN CAMBRIDGE SALOON	£178
TEN CAMBRIDGE FIXED-HEAD SALOON	£160
TWELVE NEW ASCOT SALOON	£210
TWELVE NEW ASCOT FIXED-HEAD SALOON	£190
FOURTEEN GOODWOOD SALOON	£235
FOURTEEN GOODWOOD FIXED-HEAD SALOON	£215

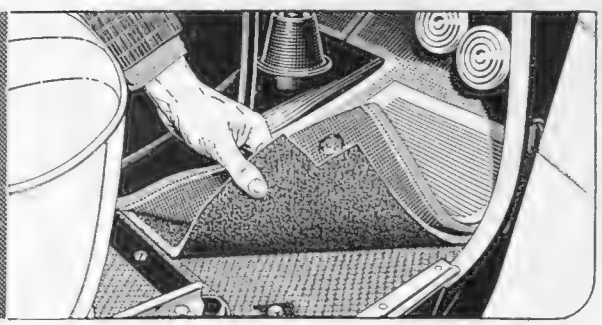
* * *

Read the Austin Magazine—4d. every month

AT OLYMPIA—STAND 107

Austin

What an investment!



Sound-insulating material ensures silence.

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., London, W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION *(Continued)*

The New Austin "Seven"

The 1937 "Baby" Austin, bearing one of the most famous names in the history of small cars—in fact, the "father" of the "baby" class—promises to do justice to its predecessors. Light to handle, extremely cheap to run, it is on view at Stand 107

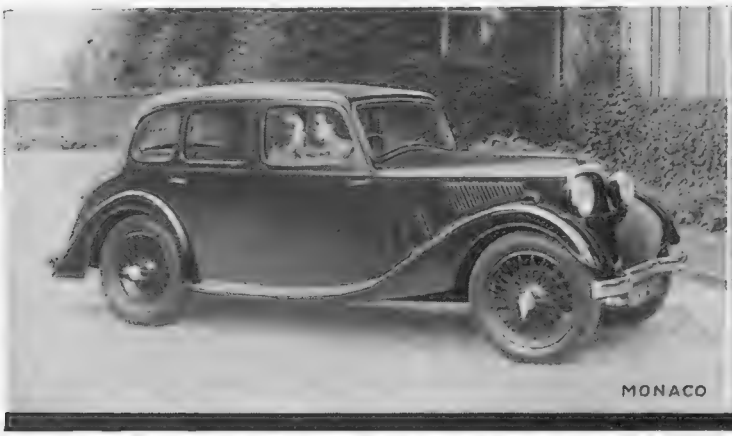
Right: a well-equipped model, with India super tyres

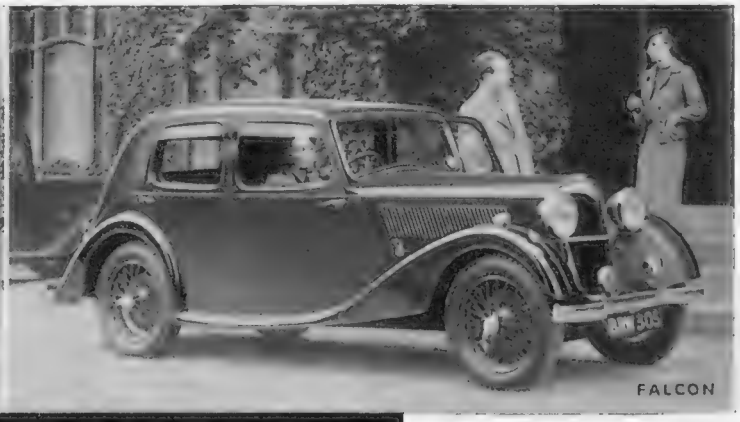
Just recently an intermediate type has been announced—the 1½-litre M.G. This has a four-cylinder engine rated at 12 h.p., with overhead valves and twin carburettors. There is a four-speed gear-box, and the brakes are hydraulic. The chassis is large enough to take four-seater coachwork very comfortably, and it need hardly be said that the performance is really first-rate. The open tourer is priced at £280, and the saloon model at £325.

THERE is, of course, one important car—and a fast car at that—which I have not yet mentioned. This is the Ford, which, however, will not be exhibited at Olympia. The Ford Motor Company, which produces far too many different products to be accommodated on any one stand, prefers to hold its own Show at the Albert Hall. This is always well worth visiting.

The familiar small Ford models are being continued without radical alteration. The "Popular" Ford is being offered as before at the wonderfully attractive figure of £100, while the "de Luxe" Ford with the 10-h.p. engine is available at £145. There are now two "V-8" models, of which the larger pays a £22 10s. tax. The smaller, taxed at £16 10s., is a new car, reported to have an uncommonly good performance. It brings the "V-8" type within reach of an entirely new section of the public, being fairly economical to run and remarkably inexpensive in its first cost, which is only £210.

(Continued on page iv)


MONACO


FALCON

I WON'T HAVE THIS ONE, I WILL

If we're not careful there's going to be a lot of heart burning among Riley owners this year. The Monaco-ist will say, ''Wish I'd sprung the extra seventeen quid and had a Falcon, and a bit more of everything.'' The Falconer will say ''That Monaco would have done all I wanted for a bit less.''

So make up your mind very carefully and judge the cars side by side. There's £17 difference in price (one's a ''Nine'' and the other's a ''Twelve''). Falcon goes a bit faster, but uses a drop more doing it. Monaco's not so generous to the Tax Gatherers, but not quite so generous inside either.

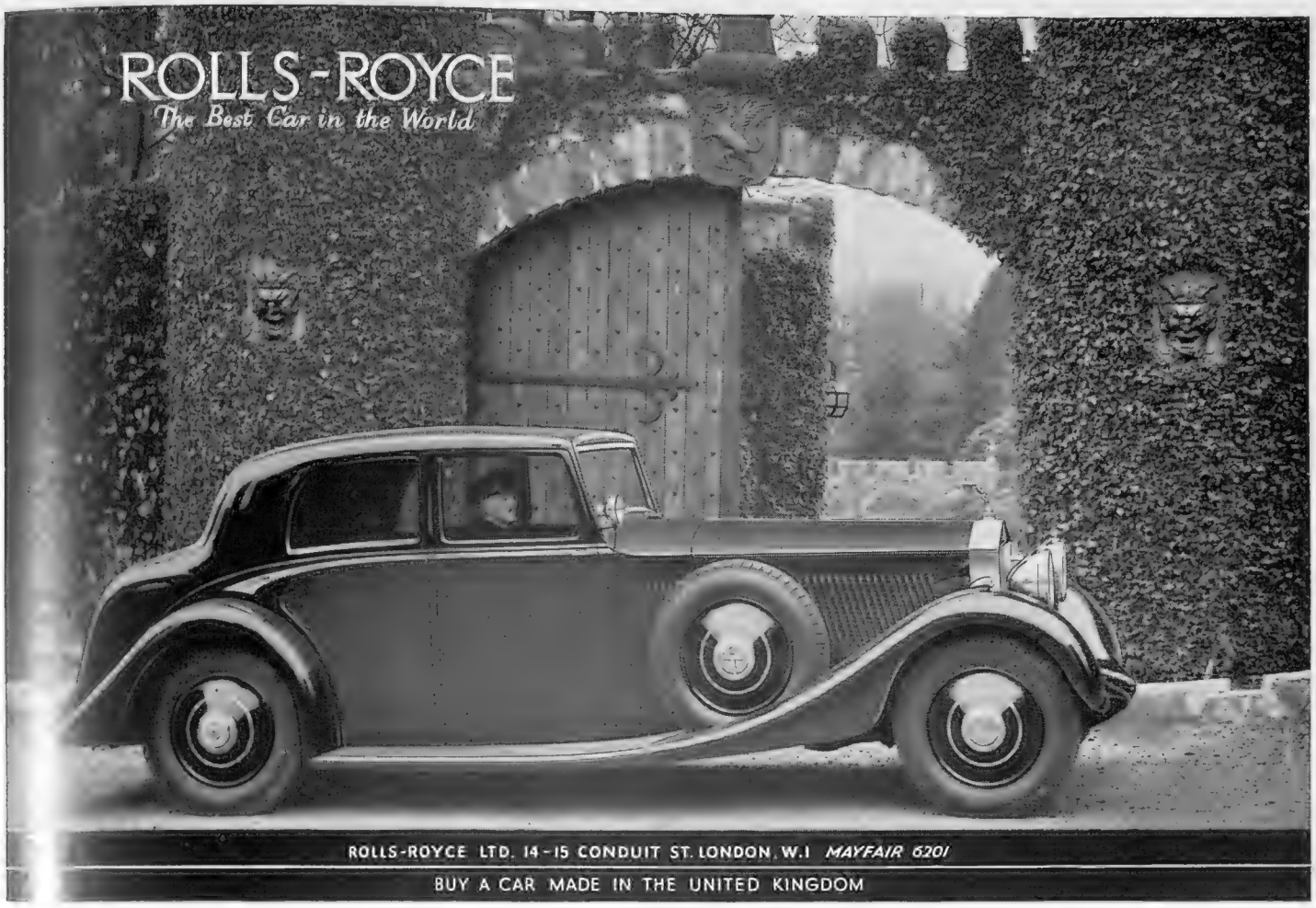
You're getting cross, aren't you? ''Why make two anyway?'' says you, ''Models-for-Masses, Ltd., would take the best features of both and split the difference.''

That's all very well, but you don't know these Riley owners like we do. For instance, we make a car that does over eighty and doesn't look any different from a standard Kestrel. They even buy that! What are you to do with such people?

The Riley Range

9 h.p. Merlin Saloon £275
9 h.p. Monaco Saloon £298
1½ litre Falcon Saloon £315
1½ litre Adelphi Saloon £350
6 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £380
8 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £450
1½ litre Kestrel Saloon £350

Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass
RILEY (Coventry) LTD. COVENTRY



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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE HOWARD GRACE CUP.
Ivory, mounted in silver-gilt, set with pearls and garnets. London hall-mark for 1525-6. Given by Lord Wakefield through the National Art Collection Fund.
Victoria and Albert Museum.

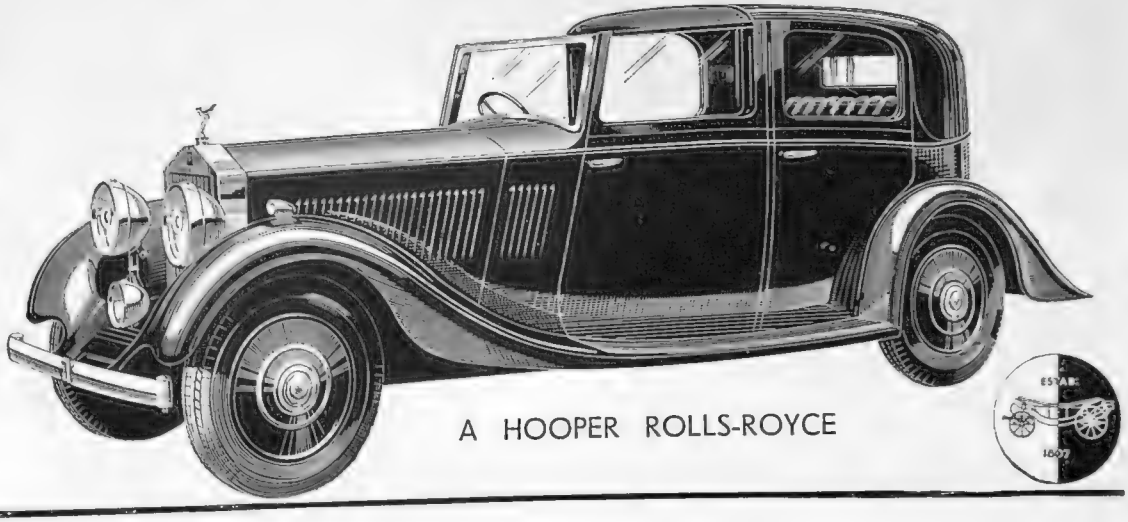
Masterpieces of Craftsmanship

By Appointment By Appointment

HOOPER & CO. HAVE HAD THE HONOUR TO SUPPLY CARRIAGES AND MOTOR CARS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY CONTINUOUSLY FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

HOOPER & CO (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

This Morris "Ten" is a well-balanced small car, with Triplex throughout, priced at £172 10s.

To revert to Olympia, it would be a mistake, in making a tour of the Show, to let our interest be captured exclusively by the car manufacturers. In other departments of motoring, there is a great deal to be seen.

For instance, the independent coachbuilder plays a valuable part in influencing the design of cars. The special body of to-day, possibly built to private order, may be the standard type of body of to-morrow.

Hooper coachwork has been famous for generations—long before the motoring era—and there will be four very fine cars to see on the Hooper stand. These will be a "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce with a Sedanca body, and a smaller Rolls-Royce with coachwork of the sports saloon type. A saloon with division will be shown on a Bentley chassis, and a limousine body on a 32-h.p. Daimler. In each case workmanship of the highest order will be exemplified.

A FEATURE of all modern coachwork is "safety" glass—and the pioneer of such glass is the Triplex Company. On the Triplex stand it will be possible to learn just how and why the Triplex system of glass manufacture gives such invaluable protection. It is, of course, common knowledge that the majority of leading car manufacturers fit Triplex as standard equipment, and we may easily believe that their choice is guided by sound reasoning, supported by consistently satisfactory experience.

A FIRST-RATE set of tyres is essential to carefree motoring—and thus the stands of the leading tyre manufacturers should certainly be visited. The chief Dunlop exhibit will be the excellent "90" tyre, which is available either in "Fort" or "Standard" type. An extra low-pressure tyre will also be shown. Then there is the Dunlop "Cruiser" tyre, selling at a relatively modest price, and the Dunlop "Sports" for competition purposes. There is a Dunlop tyre, in fact, for every occasion.

India tyres have always had many firm supporters, and thus the India stand at Olympia should be on our itinerary. The latest types of India tyres will be shown, and it should be noted that, admirably built as these are, they are no more expensive than tyres of any other make in the equivalent category.

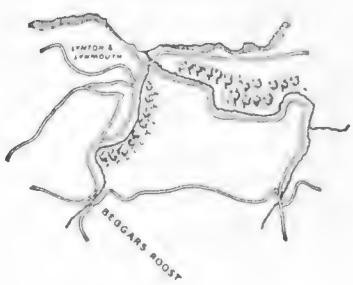
THERE is a great deal that is of interest to be learned about petrol and oil—those essential commodities which we are apt to take so very much for granted. On the Wakefield stand the fullest information is available about Castrol oil—the lubricant which is favoured by so

(Concluded on page vi)

BEGGARS ROOST

BUT **SHELL** *GETS YOU UP*

WITHOUT KNOCKING



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

See the Shell Guide to Devon. Price 2/6 from all Booksellers.

BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car
BY 1 310
BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. 16 CONDUIT STREET. LONDON. W.1. PHONE: MAYFAIR 4412
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World
BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car
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12-13 GEORGE STREET · HANOVER SQUARE · LONDON · W.1
Telephone MAYFAIR 7444 (20 lines)
and at 20 Conduit Street, London, W.1
The largest stock in the world of new and used Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars

many of the racing drivers. A novel feature is that, on this stand, a three-minute cinema show will be given, showing scenes from the Ulster T.T. and Brooklands 500-mile races. A running commentary will be given by Captain G. E. T. Eyston.

Both petrol and oil of the highest quality will be featured on the stand of the Anglo-American Oil Company. Here we shall be able to learn all about the newest grade of Esso petrol, whether in its "straight" form or in combination with Ethyl anti-knock fluid. The same firm is, of course, responsible for Essolube oil, the lubricant which is sold to the public in sealed glass bottles. This novel selling method undoubtedly serves to emphasise the high standard of purity which is maintained.

A short cinema show will add to the interest of the Shell-Mex and B.P. exhibit. This will be of an appropriately up-to-date nature—a coloured "talkie." It will be entitled *The Birth of a Robot*, and is said to be as entertaining as it is instructive. The fame of Shell petrol is, of course, universal, and it is rapidly being matched by that of Aeroshell oil, now very widely used both on land and in the air.

Another stand which should be visited is that on which the Power petrol exhibit will be staged. There is much virtue in Power petrol, for I remember once driving a super car with the sort of engine which is highly sensitive to fuel. For this particular car, I was told to use only Power petrol in order to obtain the best results.

REVERTING once more, for a moment, to the cars—I ought to add that there will be at least one brand-new British car of high quality to be seen at Olympia. This is the Autovia—a 24-h.p. "V-8" which is being built at Coventry. To complete our brief tour of the Exhibition, an examination of this interesting newcomer is certainly to be recommended.

The 1937 Rover "Sixteen" Saloon

The Daimler Light Limousine: It is priced at £795

The New 12 Cylinder

LAGONDA

ENGINE: 12 cyl., overhead camshaft, 75 mm. bore, 84.5 stroke, capacity 4480 c.c. R.A.C. rating, 41.85. Tax £31.10.0. GEAR BOX: 4 speed, central change speed lever, completely silent helical gears used throughout. Synchro-mesh on all changes except second to first. SUSPENSION: Independent front wheel suspension on "torsion rod" principle. AXLE: Completely silent, "hypoid" type. Wheelbase 11', Track 5'.

11' Chassis, £1,050. Saloon, £1,450.

LAGONDA

The finest of fast cars

In addition to the famous 4½-litre model, Lagonda Motors present at Olympia this year, a completely new 12 cylinder car—"A masterpiece of exclusive and modern design" under the technical direction of Mr. W. O. Bentley.
A careful study of the many unusual features in this new 12 cylinder Lagonda emphasises the determined effort of the Company to produce a motor car of unequalled versatility and breadth of appeal. We would inform those who view this announcement as prospective purchasers, that deliveries will not commence for some months In presenting this model at Olympia, we do so in the belief that its inclusion is essential to an International Exhibition of motor cars and is further justified by the numerous and advanced features of design which make the advent of the car a matter of compelling importance to a world wide market.

L. G. MOTORS (STAINES) LTD., MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. Telephone: Staines 1122 (4 lines).

OVERHEARD IN THE CITY:

"Surprised at a man like Charles running a foreign car"

buy a car made in the

UNITED KINGDOM

Outside *(Continued from page 62)*

a man practised on the oboe most of the mornings and left for his rehearsal or performance at two o'clock precisely, carrying his little black bag. He had a red round face and a small waxed moustache and he wore spats. On Thursdays he took pupils; there was one in a schoolboy cap, another pale and tall, and even a young girl in a tam o' shanter. They came in at intervals of an hour and as they passed each other on the steps they did not even say "good afternoon," probably, Number Eleven suggested, because they were soon to be keen rivals for the part of oboe player in one of the few remaining orchestras in England.

THERE were apparently two more apartments to be seen from the window. One had a balcony and on to this there came an old sweet-faced woman who would look up and down the street as if expecting someone; but no one came, and sadly she went within and closed the window. In the other apartment a middle-aged woman with short hair and glasses spent her days in writing on large sheets of paper which she would read aloud to herself when she came to the end. Number Eleven suggested it was a novel, but his neighbour was sure it must be a play; yet when Number Eleven said he saw the good woman striding up and down the room declaiming and waving her arms both knew it was a budding Clemence Dane. Early in the morning a charwoman would enter the building wearing an old black coat and little black bonnet, to emerge shortly with a canvas apron and a little brown rug on which to kneel. She scrubbed in silence, making large sweeps with her soapy brush, and when she came near the end of her task she would do a strange thing. She would begin to whistle, and it was always the same tune—"Roses of Picardy," so Number Eleven's neighbour decided she was a war widow eking out her meagre pension by charring. He wished he were in Number Eleven's bed so that he could hear the tune; he wished they would take the bandage from his eyes so that he could see all these happenings. In the evenings little boys would attempt to play cricket with a coat, a broom handle and a dilapidated rag ball, and there was one boy, bigger than the others, who would never give up his innings until he had been clearly out at least three times.

ONE evening a boy from the wine store came whistling along on his bicycle with his arms folded, and of course, as one would expect, he skidded, and his precious bottles were smashed in the roadway. Things would have looked bad for the boy if an old gentleman carrying a bouquet of roses had not chanced to be passing and after a few words of admonition the kind old fellow paid for the damage, much to the boy's joy. Then the old gentleman went indoors and wonder was expressed by Number Eleven as to his destination. "He 's going to see the old girl on the balcony," suggested the neighbour. And sure enough it was exactly what he did. On to the balcony they came, hand in hand and smiling. They sat out in the evening sun, the roses between them, placed by grateful hands in a little vase on a wicker table. Because the watcher could not hear what passed between them, he and his neighbour made it all up. They decided that the man had been abroad for many years and that she had waited for him all this long time. It was a reunion of hearts which had been faithful and were now claiming their reward. For the next three days the old gentleman called at the same time and brought a bunch of roses until the little room behind the French window must have looked and smelt like a garden of flowers, but so far there was no sign that she had accepted anything more than this sweet smelling gift.

IT was the night after the third visit and the hospital ward was still when Number Eleven's neighbour thought he heard a sudden gasp from the bed next door, but he did not speak for a terrible thought passed through his mind. If this kind friend of his should die he might be given his bed, and when they took off his bandages he might see all the wonderful things that passed in the house opposite and learn whether the old lady had accepted the old gentleman's love. In the morning they came to him and took off his bandages and the first thing upon which his eyes rested was an empty bed. He pointed to it and the nurse nodded. "A sudden embolism," she said, and then, quivering with excitement, he asked: "Please may I be moved into his bed; it is lighter there," and the nurse promised it should be done before the evening. For what seemed an eternity the man awaited that evening with an excitement which boded ill for his final cure. At last they were ready to move him, carefully and lying flat, and once in the new bed he had only to wait till the nurses had left the ward, before he could look out of that fascinating window. It seemed as if the nurse at the other end of the ward would never leave, but exactly at the time when the old gentleman was due for his daily visit, his chance came. He raised himself carefully to a sitting position; he used his good arm and his two strong legs and then he turned and gazed through the open window at a blank whitewashed wall four feet away, rising sheer from a covered basement area.

THE END.

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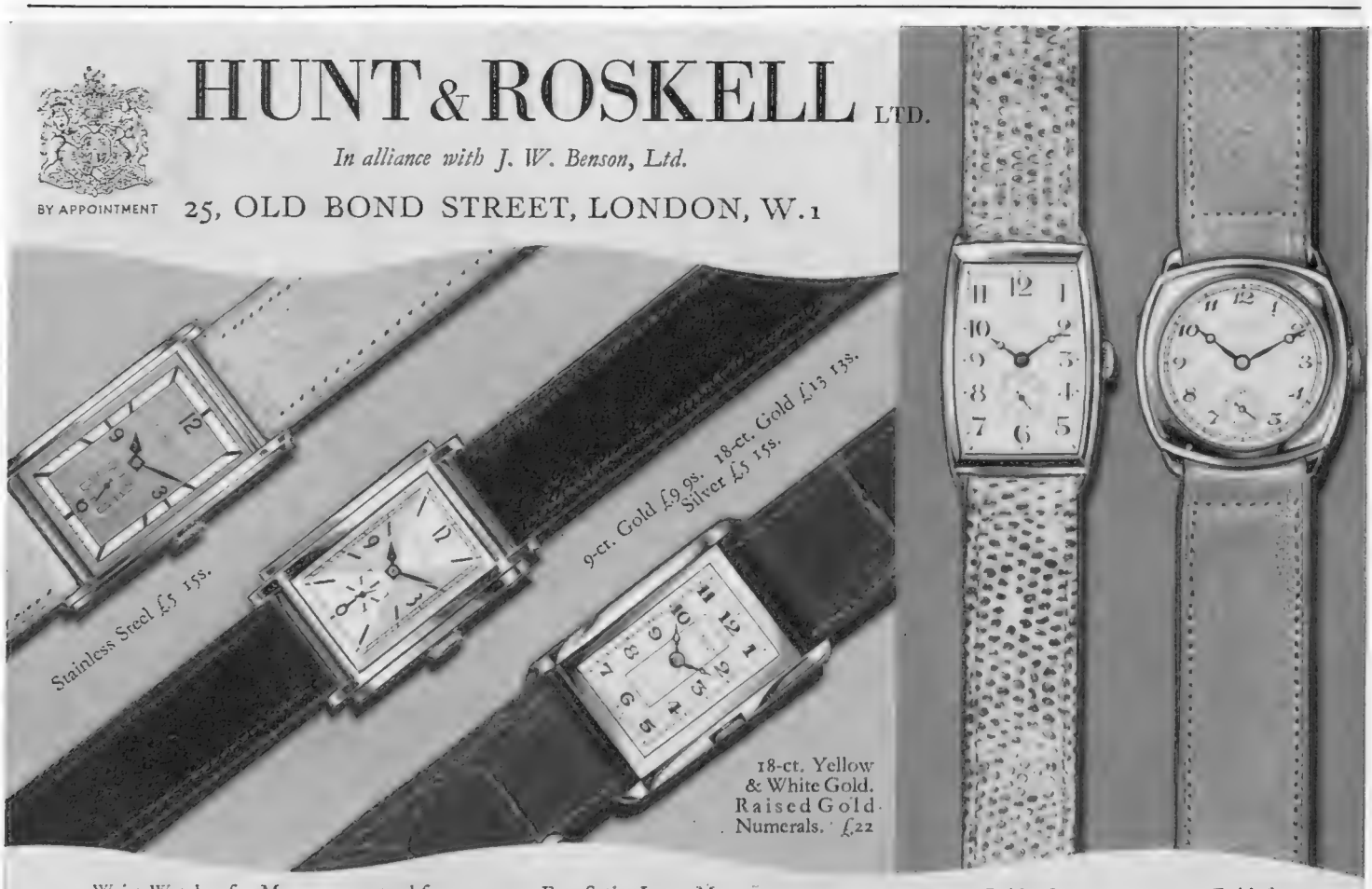

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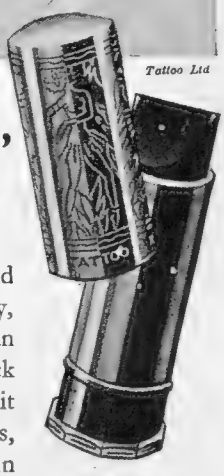

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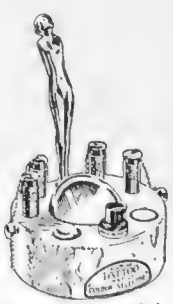

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Flying to the Ski Runs

By Charles Ward

By Swissair for Swiss Air

For many years past, "putting back the clock" has been the signal for winter time-tables. Flying is still seasonal—shorter hours of daylight, early morning mists, fogs, snowstorms, all tend to decrease the reliability of air transport, though the difference becomes less marked as instrument flying increases, and more aerodromes are lit for night landings. Higher speeds enable services to be maintained in daylight whereas, formerly, they were curtailed in order not to finish a journey after dark. One of the most popular, which is to be operated for the first time throughout the winter, is the Swissair 9.20 to Zurich, taking three hours non-stop. This is run in conjunction with Imperial Airways, and will be a great boon to ski-ing enthusiasts. All the famous resorts of the Bernese Oberland can be reached between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and there is time for a leisurely lunch in Zurich before continuing the journey uphill by train. A record season is expected in Switzerland, especially now that the expensive franc has been devalued. When the sports are in full swing, Swissair propose to double or even treble the service. Incidentally, the Company is one of the few in Europe to employ a "hostess" instead of a steward in their 'planes, and the latter are, of course, the well-liked American "Douglas" type.

At the London Aerodromes

No action film of modern times is complete without a journey by air, or a scene at an aerodrome, but there have been remarkably few good films devoted entirely to flying. Warner Brothers is making a new one at Brooklands, to be called *As You Like It*, but without Elisabeth Bergner. One of the Club Moths is being used as a camera-ship, and a Tiger Moth conveys the hero hither and thither on his lawful business of rescue work, interspersed with moments when he expresses joy in aerobatics. Mr. Rod Banks has succeeded in climbing one of the Club Tigers to 20,500 feet, and although this is not a record, it is definitely towards the stratosphere. What about a variation for the Dawn Patrol? Meet you at 18,000 over the Crystal Palace, after which we glide quietly to Heston for breakfast. Air Commerce of Heston has just completed two interesting charters. One was a Press job somewhere in Spain with Ross, the international ice-hockey player as pilot of the firm's Leopard SH, which is now a veteran of two campaigns, the Abyssinian and Spanish. The second involved a fortnight's flying through Central Europe and Italy with a timber merchant who bought some forests. On the return flight to England the taxi was passed by 400 German military aircraft in line of five abreast, either going to or coming from the Führer at Nuremberg.

(Concluded on page xii)

Miss Jean Batten is en route to New Zealand, flying a Vega Gull, the most famous light touring 'plane of the day. Miss Batten has already flown the South Atlantic, so a mere 1600 miles of Tasman Sea will not worry her unduly

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Flying to the Ski Runs

(*Continued from page x*)

Twenty-One Years at Yeovil

WESTLANDS of Yeovil gained a reputation for the excellence of their aircraft during the late European war, which reputation they have maintained to this day. Many famous types have come up from Somerset, including the Wapiti which was first over Everest, besides being the standard general purpose machine in the R.A.F. for many years. The Pterodactyl, that strange bird without a tail, was developed at Yeovil. One of the earliest single-engined cabin 'planes for civil use was the Westland Limousine, that gained the Air Ministry prize of £7500 at Martlesham Heath in 1920. The Widgeon, a high-wing monoplane, was a pioneer with the Moth and the Avian during 1925, the year in which the light aeroplane " movement " started. During the celebrations which attended the firm's coming-of-age, Sir Ernest Petter told an amusing story of the war period. As soon as a machine was built and tested, it was flown to France by a ferry pilot, and in 1918, the firm was sending D.H.9A's direct to Dunkerque. Being a two-seater, ballast had to be provided for the back seat, and as a rule this consisted of some sand-bags. Some brainy individual discovered that a twelve-gallon cask of cider for which Yeovil is famous, weighed exactly the right amount, and this was adopted as standard Westland ballast. What a break for the troops!

Coming Events

THE race from Paris to Saigon is due to start in ten days' time. Let us hope that competitors have better luck than ours in the recent event to South Africa. Miss Jean Batten, who is en route to New Zealand, has been awarded the Johnston Memorial Prize by the Guild of Air Pilots, for her record South Atlantic flight. She was unable to be present at the Guild's party at the Mansion House last Monday, as the delay would have entailed flying through the monsoon. On Nov. 6 the Norfolk and Norwich Club holds its annual ball. Something new in the way of holidays has been planned at Mousehold—an all-the-year-round camp for professional men on leave, where flying can be obtained at a very cheap rate and plenty of mixed sport to fill in the gaps between lessons. Particulars can be obtained from the Club Secretary, Mousehold, Norwich.

Above: Lady Shelmerdine, wife of the Director-General of Civil Aviation, taking her seat in a Monospar at Hanworth. Five of this type have been shipped to Canada for freight haulage

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On (*Continued from page F*)

MUSIC

Orchestral and Choral

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts the first of the Thursday concerts; three symphonies, Beethoven's 7th, Dvorák's 3rd, and Haydn's 104th ("The London"): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 15th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Harty conducts, Rachmaninov is soloist in his own Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini (Op. 43); also third Leonora overture and Schubert's 7th symphony: Queen's Hall, Fri., 16th, 8.15.

VIENNA SYMPHONY.—Conducted by Weingartner; Weber, Wolf, Liszt, Goldmark, and Beethoven: Queen's Hall, Mon., 19th, 8.30.

TUESDAY SUBSCRIPTION.—Molinari conducts the L.S.O., with Juliette Aranyi as soloist; Mozart, Respighi, Schubert, and Strauss: Queen's Hall, Tues., 20th, 8.15.

THE TEMPEST.—Purcell's opera, with Miriam Licette and Vere Laurie, conducted by Leslie Woodgate: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 20th, 5.30.

Recitals

ADOLF BUSCH.—Brahms' recital: Queen's Hall, to-night, 14th, 8.15.

MAGGIE TEYTE.—Recital with Anthony Pini: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 14th, 8.45.

WHYNYATES STRING QUARTET.—Assisted by Sylvia Spencer (oboe): Wigmore Hall, to-night, 14th, 8.30.

CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.—Sammons, Tertis, Kennedy, Murdoch; Brahms programme by request: Queen's Hall, Sat., 17th, 3.

ETHEL BARTLETT and RAE ROBERTSON.—Æolian Hall, Tues., 20th, 8.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

MOTOR SHOW.—Opens to-morrow, for ten days, at Olympia.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PAINTING.—Very comprehensive and worth seeing; Ingres to Cézanne: New Burlington Galleries.

Anthony

Joan Cross as Mimi in the Sadler's Wells "Bohème"

GOLF.—Worplesdon Scratch Mixed Foursomes, last two days' play, to-day and to-morrow, 14th and 15th.

RACING.—Newmarket meeting, till Friday, 16th (Cesarewitch to-day).

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

ODDENINO'S.—The redecorated restaurant has just opened; the brasserie is conversationally Bohemian as usual.

QUAGLINO'S.—Marianne Davis sings at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again: Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Garland Wilson and Adrina Octro entertain; Maurice Winnick's band plays.

Left: Joan Cross is one of the most accomplished guest artists among the fine company gathered by Miss Lilian Baylis for the Vic-Wells English opera season, and Mimi, in Puccini's tuneful "La Bohème," is one of her best parts. Its third performance of this season is at Sadler's Wells to-night

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Getting Married :

Taylor — Swetenham

Anthony Donithorne Taylor, son of Captain and Mrs. Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Oxford, and Vanda Swetenham, daughter of the late Major Foster Swetenham, Royal Scots Greys, and Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Whittall — Poustchine

Dr. Geoffrey Whittall, son of the late William Whittall and Mrs. Whittall, of Moda, Istanbul, and Barbara Poustchine, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Poustchine, of 76, Abbey Road, Hampstead, were married at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road

Heyman — Bleackley

Archibald Heyman, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. C. Heyman, of Arlington, Weybridge, and Aline Bleackley, only daughter of the late Horace Bleackley and Mrs. Bleackley, of 29, Kensington Sq., W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Cameron — Lightfoot

At St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, David Charles Cameron, eldest son of the late Capt. Peter Cameron, M.C., and Mrs. Marcus Turner, of Hobarts, Monks Erleigh, Suffolk, married Kathleen Lightfoot, daughter of the late Francis Lightfoot and Mrs. Lightfoot, of Spring Hill, Devil's Bridge, Cardigan

Murphy — Mackinnon

Louis Michael Murphy, second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Murphy, of Exbourne, Devon, and Esmé Mackinnon, of Marsden Manor, Cirencester, only daughter of the late William Mackinnon and Mrs. Mackinnon, were married at Brompton Oratory

Cubitt — Cooper

Captain Alan Blakiston Cubitt, younger son of Sir Bertram and Lady Cubitt, of Hillstead, Weston, Bath, and Mary Cooper, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. Cooper, of Cockayne, Potton, Beds., were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Macdonald — Mills

Alaister Macdonald, K.O.S.B., youngest son of Major and Mrs. E. W. Macdonald, of Elm Court, Ringmer, Sussex, and Eileen Mills, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Mills, of Colchester, were married at Ringmer

Lockwood — Bailey

At St. George's, Hanover Square, John Lockwood, of Bishops Hall, Romford, Essex, only son of the late Colonel and Mrs. Lockwood, married Angela Bailey, elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. V. T. Bailey, of Tantallon Lodge, North Berwick

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Halfhead — Jefferson

Douglas Halfhead, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Halfhead, of Godden Grange, Sevenoaks, and Diana Mary Jefferson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jefferson, of The Manor House, Knowle, Warwickshire, were married at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street

O'Halloran — Peel

Denis N. E. O'Halloran, son of the late Captain S. N. E. O'Halloran and Mrs. O'Halloran, of 21, Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6, and Betty Peel, daughter of Major and Mrs. D. R. Peel, of Alexandria, Egypt, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Thomson — McCrone

John McCallum Thomson, son of the late Robert Thomson and Mrs. Thomson, of Tarradale, Paisley, and Doris McCrone, youngest daughter of the late Edward McCrone and Mrs. McCrone, of 42, Campden House Court, W.8, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Yevonde

Jane Hope

Is the only daughter of the late George Hope and Mrs. Hope, of Hamilton, Ontario; she is engaged to John Perkins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Perkins, of Boldre Bridge House, Lymington, Hants.

Catherine Bell

Patricia Brett Plummer

Is engaged to Stephen Robinson, younger surviving son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Arthur Robinson, of Seal, Sevenoaks, and Sheringham, Norfolk; she is the only child of Mrs. D'O. Rochfort, formerly of Vancouver

Lenare

Hazel Margaret Bradshaw

Has announced her engagement to William Snell, youngest son of the late W. H. Snell, of Blundellsands, Lancs.; she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Bradshaw, of Mendip Cottage, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Gilbert Adams, Reading

Juliet Brownrigg

Is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Bt., C.B., and Lady Brownrigg, of White Waltham, Berkshire; she is engaged to Sydney Hine, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hine, Gore Cottage, Burnham, Bucks.

Kay Vaughan

Molly Orr

Is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. E. Orr, of 35, Gloucester Terrace, W.2; she is engaged to Flight-Lieutenant Roy Faville, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Faville, of Hamilton, N.Z.

Bassano

Diana Noel

The elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Frank Noel, of 17, Norfolk Crescent, W., is engaged to John Vivian Bailey, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. V. T. Bailey; a photograph of his sister's wedding appears on the opposite page

Getting Married
(continued)

Jane Jevons

Agnes Abney

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. G. Abney, of Heathlands, Kew Road, Richmond, and granddaughter of the late Sir William Abney, K.C.B., F.R.S.; she is engaged to Ronald Hill, Indian Police, son of the late Colonel Hill and Mrs. Arthur Hill

Yvonne Gregory

Joan Margaret Hutton

Is the only daughter of Mr. C. A. Hutton and Mrs. W. O. Bentley, of 42, Addison Road, W.14; she is engaged to Mr. P. A. O. Northey, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), eldest son of the late Colonel A. C. Northey and Mrs. Northey, of The Willows, Datchet

Wallace Heaton

Betty Marcel Foster

Is engaged to Herve Louis Coatalen, elder son of Mr. Louis Coatalen, of Paris, and Mrs. Hunter Blair, of Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.; she is the only child of Captain John Foster, of Cromwell Road, S.W.

Kay Vaughan

Letitia Gwendolen Hall

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hall, of Hales Hall, Market Drayton, Salop., and is engaged to Arthur Tudor-Evans, second son of the late Canon Tudor-Evans and Mrs. Tudor-Evans, of 92, North End House, FitzJames Avenue, W.

Douglas

Sheila Lockett

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Lockett, of 58, Cadogan Place, S.W.1; she is engaged to Derek Greenaway, elder son of Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Anne Spence

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spence, of 426, Great Western Rd., Shanghai; she is engaged to Comdr. George Francis Norton Bradford, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Bradford, of Bursted Manor, Upper Hardres, near Canterbury

Lenare

Anne Ruth Allen

Is the younger daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Allen, of 67, Grove Hall Court, Hall Road, N.W.8; she is engaged to Douglas Lennie, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lennie, of Nenthorn, Oakwood Av., Purley

Tunbridge

Daphne Johnson

Announces her engagement to Karl A. M. Kastner, younger son of the late Professor Karl Kastner and Frau Kastner, of Salzburg; she is the eldest daughter of the late Leslie Arnott Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, of 10, New Cavendish Street, W.1

Catherine Bell

Gabrielle Butterworth

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Butterworth, of Colligan House, Ryde, I.o.W.; she is engaged to Jack Arthur, son of Colonel L. F. Arthur, D.S.O., O.B.E., of Newby, Sunninghill, Berks.

Lenare

Sheila Mary Cowan

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Cowan, of Rutherford, West Linton, Peebles.; she is engaged to John Hibbert, youngest and only surviving son of the late Mrs. M. A. Hibbert

Lenare

Pamela Hunter-Tod

Is engaged to Flying-Officer John Shepherd-Smith, second son of the Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Shepherd-Smith, of The Vicarage, Isleworth; she is the younger daughter of the late Hunter Tod, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. A. Thorowgood, of Hogg Lane Farm, Ashley Green, Bucks.

A BRILLIANT THIRST SYMPHONY

BY THE MUSIC CRITIC

THE other evening I tried over Schweppes' Thirst Symphony in A Flat (and elsewhere). The keynote is the Tonic (see "Schweppes on Liquid Harmonies"). The symphony is equally effective taken either as a solo or with accompaniment; and here is my own arrangement. First movement (*vivace*): let bottle strike edge of glass; try this on your piano. Second movement (*andante*): let Schweppes Tonic ripple *glissando* into glass: try this with tuba or trumpet, but an ordinary tumbler is easier to drink from. Third movement (*allegro con brio*): listen to the genial tremolo of Tonic against vocal chords and the rise of your spirits through at least three octaves. Try this on your friends. Repeat *ad lib.*

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 14 — October 20

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Maurice Colbourne's historical play has Barry Jones as Charles I., Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Henrietta Maria, George Merritt as Cromwell: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's comedy revived with a wonderful cast, headed by Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ursula Jeans, Ernest Thesiger, Alec Clunes: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Last three days of the Capek Brothers' lepidopteran satire on human activity; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Comes with a big reputation from Malvern and Brighton; Curigwen Lewis as Jane, Reginald Tate as Rochester: Queen's, 8.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.—A lovely production of this lovely (Turgenev) play, with Gillian Scaife acting subtly, Dennis Arundell and Cecil Trouncer: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's poetic play is one of the most worth-while seeing productions; Robert Speaight as Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Successful transposition of Jane Austen to the stage, still running well with Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOING PLACES.—The newest Vivian Ellis revue, with Olga Baclanova, June Knight and Arthur Riscoe: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adele Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 83.—Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes give a "Blues" ballet, there 's a ship figurehead tableau, monologue by Paddy Browne, and—Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's witty revue headed by Nelson Keys and Hermione Gingold, supported by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, is now at the Comedy: 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with great success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM.—Felix Ferry's big American revue seems to have settled in, with Lupe Velez, Lou Holtz, and the sprightly Buck and Bubbles: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on a situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Last three days of amusing Polar comedy, with Felix Aylmer, Carol Goodner, and Rex Harrison: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER ON ACCOUNT.—Rosalinde Fuller, Dorothy Dix and G. H. Mulcaster in a thriller with a special interest for the legal mind: Winter Garden, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—A jury recruited from the audience "judges" the play, which takes the form of a vivid murder trial; all-American cast: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO ORDINARY LADY.—A French comedy slowed up for English production but often witty and unexpected; Ellen Pollock, Jack Melford and D. A. Clarke-Smith are in it: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelming optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Night

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Komisarjevsky's production, Donald Wolfit and Eugénie Leontovich in the name-parts, also Leon Quartermaine, Ellis Irving and Ion Swinley: New, to-night, 14th.

CINEMAS

FOLLOW YOUR HEART (American).—Another operatic career opens up, this time for Marion Talley, opposite Michael Bartlett in a road-show piece: Tivoli.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY (American).—From Samuel Hopkins Adams' tale about Peggy O'Neale; Joan Crawford plays name-part: Empire.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

THE KING STEPS OUT (American).—An Austrian setting for Grace Moore's latest; Franchot Tone is the hero; the music is Kreisler's, and the direction von Sternberg's: Regal.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (British).—Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel are in the Fenimore Cooper Red Indian classic: London Pavilion.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell, as a butler, with Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette in a satire on two ends of society: Leicester Square.

SAVOY-HOTEL 217 (German).—From the Ufa Studios but set in Moscow; Hans Albers is a fascinating waiter, Brigitte Horney a wealthy visitor, Gusti Huber a Bergner-esque chambermaid: Curzon.

SINGENDE JUGEND (Austrian).—Heroes of this attractive film are the famous Vienna Choir Boys; here is pleasure for the really musical: Academy.

SINS OF MAN (American).—Jean (*Country Doctor*) Hersholt plays a bellringer in a little Tyrolean town who gets swept to America; patriarchal plot: New Gallery.

THE TEXAS RANGERS (American).—A Wild West thriller, led by Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie and Jean Parker. And there 's *Hollywood Boulevard* for light contrast: Plaza.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (American).—The Ouida novel film, with Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell, comes west again to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

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(*Continued on page* xii)

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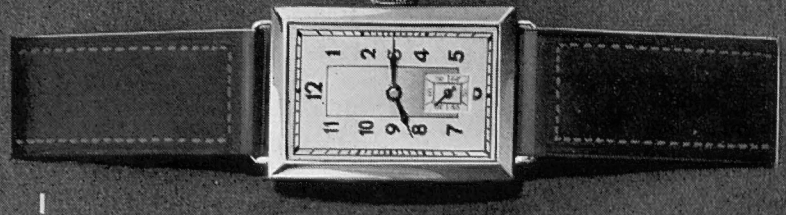

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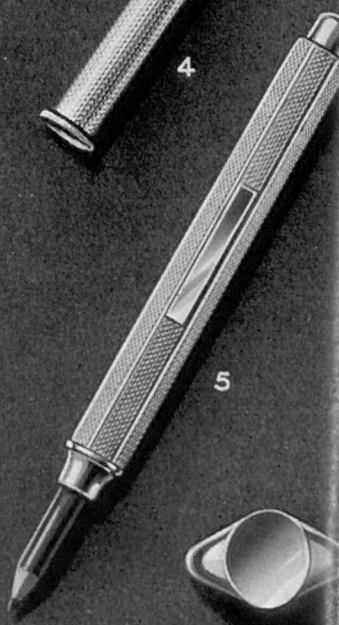

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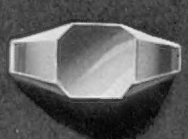

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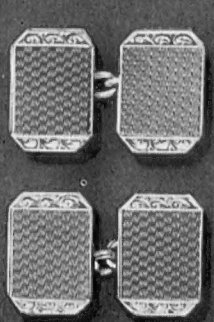

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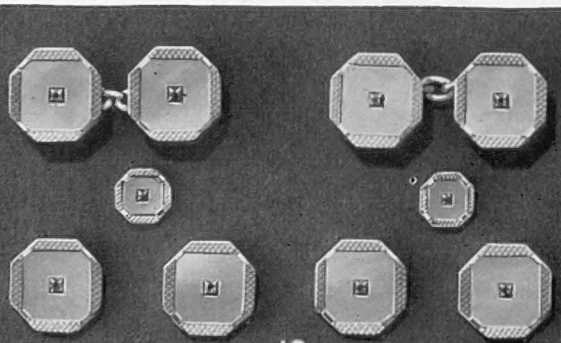

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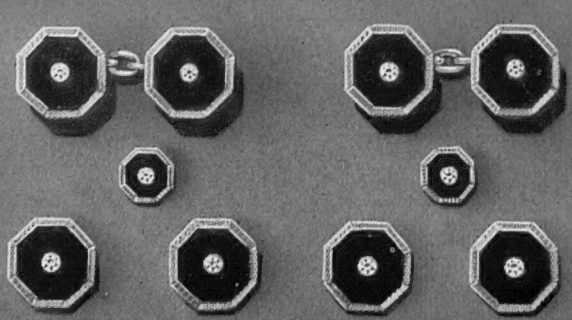

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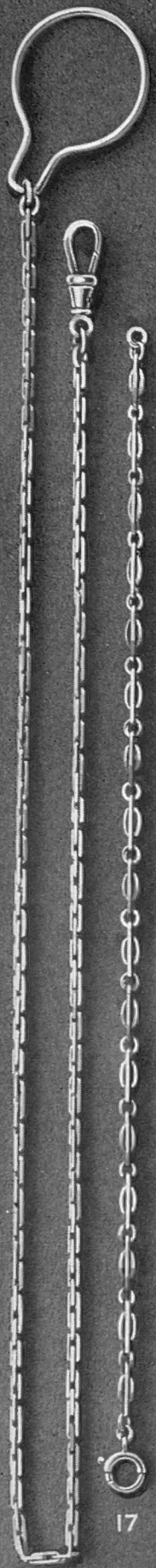

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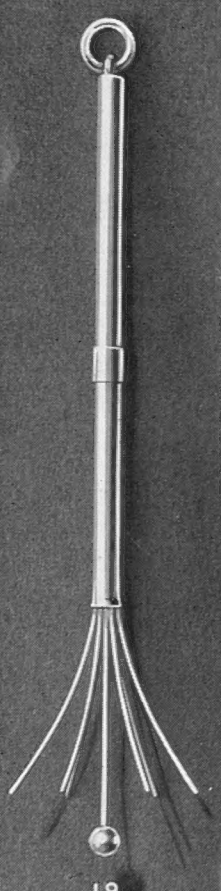

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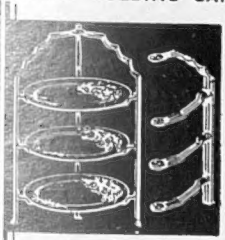

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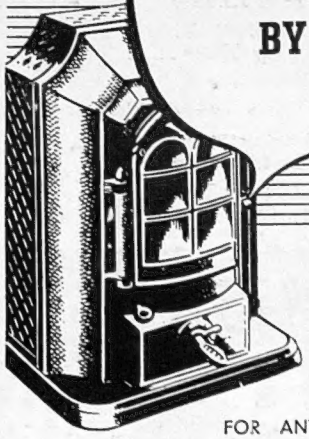

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